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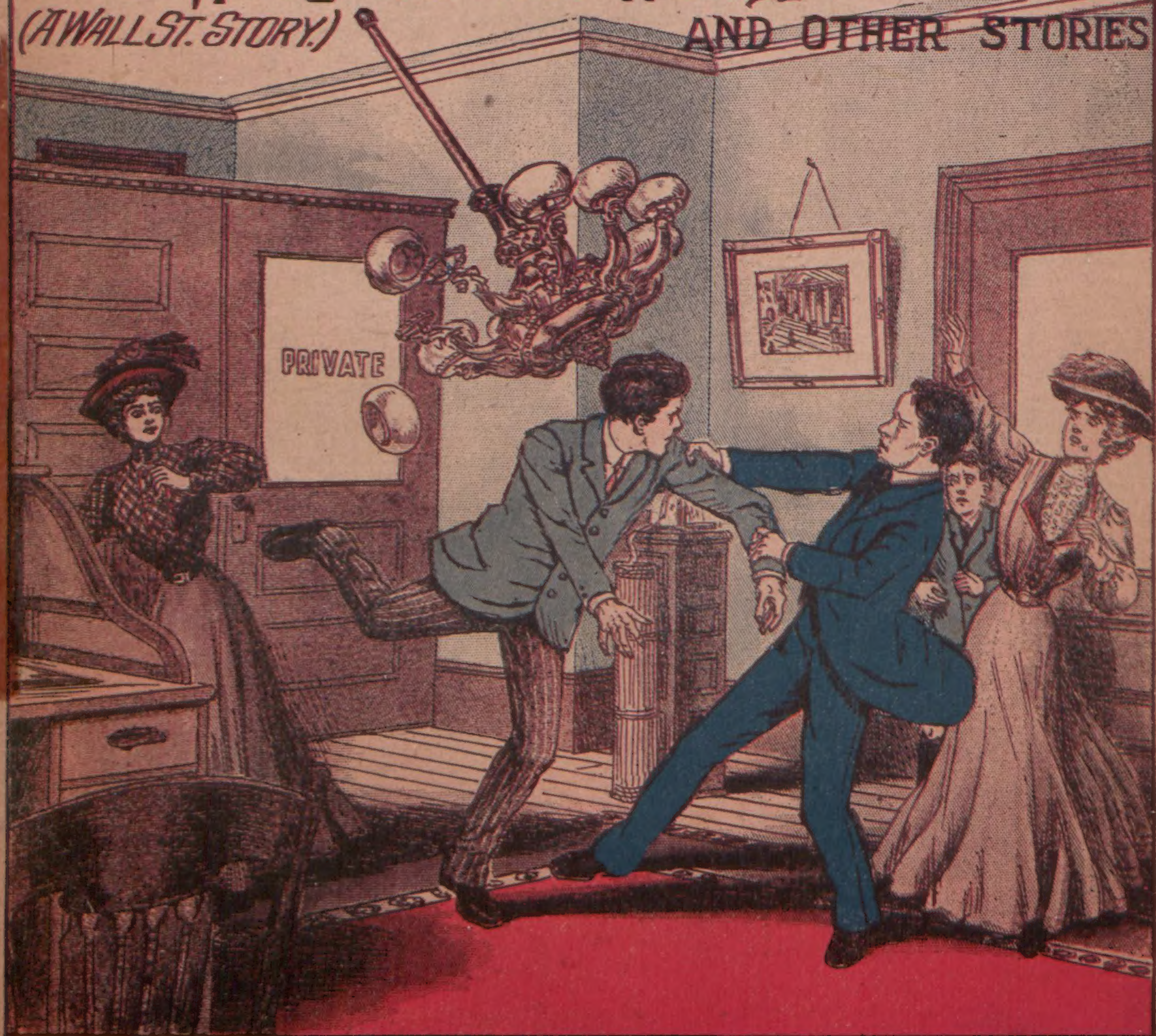
MARCH 9, 1917

SIX Cents

FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

A BIG RISK;
OR, THE GAME THAT WON. *By A SELF-MADE MAN.*
(A WALL ST. STORY.) AND OTHER STORIES



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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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A BIG RISK

—OR—

THE GAME THAT WON

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORM AND THE OLD ROADHOUSE.

"I'm afraid we're in for it, Will," said Chester Young. "Those thunder clouds are coming up at express speed, and there isn't a house in sight where we can seek shelter."

"Kind of tough to get a drenching way out here, miles from New York," replied his companion.

"I should say so. It's hard luck."

The two boys were spinning along a New Jersey road on their bicycles.

Both were about the same age and height, but Ches Young was the more rugged and manly-looking of the two.

They were Wall Street boys, employed in the same office, that of Ingoldsby & Co., stock brokers.

Ches was the messenger of the establishment, while Will Nash attended to the blackboard quotations in the reception-room.

The boys lived in Harlem, within a block of each other—Ches with his widowed mother, and a sister, who worked for a Fifth avenue milliner, in a modest flat next to the roof; Will with his parents and four younger brothers and sisters, in an equally unpretentious apartment house.

They were great fresh-air birds, these boys, and had taken advantage of Decoration Day, which, as everybody knows, is a holiday, to take a long spin over the country roads on their wheels.

"It wouldn't be safe to take refuge in that wood yonder, do you think?" asked Will doubtfully.

"I don't care to risk it, for trees seem to attract the lightning."

"There must be more than a hundred trees in that wood. It isn't likely more than one of them would be struck."

"If one of them was hit it would surely be the one under which we took shelter."

"Why so?"

"It always seems to happen that way."

"I think there is less danger in a wood than under a solitary tree in an open field."

"We'd get wet, anyway, if we stopped in the wood. The trees would only partially ward off the rain. You know it generally pours in a thunder storm."

The black, threatening clouds now covered half of the heavens.

Vivid streaks of electricity cut through them in zigzag fashion, and the rumbling of the thunder grew louder every moment.

At the rate the clouds were approaching there was evidently a high wind accompanying them, and the boys expected to run into that pretty soon.

The prospect at that moment was very discouraging.

If they had to face the brunt of that storm in the open they

were bound to look like a pair of drowned rats when it was over.

They were now close to the edge of the wood, which came down by the turn in the highway.

"Maybe we'll see a house within reaching distance around the bend of the road," said Will hopefully.

"I hope so," replied Ches. "It will have to be pretty near, if we're going to escape the wind and the rain."

A minute later they were whirling around the curve in the turnpike.

Right before them, less than a quarter of a mile distant, stood a lonesome-looking two-story building, with a broad veranda, standing close to the road.

There was a long shed in the rear of the house, open in front.

Both boys uttered a shout of satisfaction when they saw the place, and with one accord they began a spurt in order to reach it as soon as possible.

As they dismounted in front of the veranda the wind, advance herald of the storm, swooped down on the landscape with a rush that made things hum in that vicinity.

The trees bent like reeds under it, and the dust rose in clouds.

"Just in time," said Ches, dragging his wheel on to the veranda.

"Gee! I'm glad we're not out in that," replied Will.

Big raindrops now began to fall, and as they came down faster the wind swept them in under the veranda roof, so that it looked as if there would be no shelter where the boys stood.

"This seems to be a deserted roadhouse," said Ches. "I wonder if we can get inside."

He tried the door, but it was as fast as wax.

"No go," he said.

"Try that window. If it's fastened, I move we smash it in," said Will.

The window was covered with a pair of board shutters that would not budge, being fastened on the inside.

"We're not likely to smash the window, as you suggested, for we can't get at it," said Ches.

"I've got a heavy screwdriver in my tool-bag," said Will. "Perhaps we can force the shutters. We're going to get wet if we have to stay here."

He got the implement out of his bag, which was strapped to the back of his saddle, and Ches was soon trying to open the shutters.

He tried in different places without much success.

"There seems to be a bolt or a bar holding it," he said.

As he spoke a good-sized piece of the shutter suddenly gave way with a snap, revealing a stout bolt.

Placing his hand in the opening made by the splitting off of the wood, and putting his boot against the other shutter as a purchase, Ches pulled with all his strength.

A splitting sound followed, and soon the shutter gave way

entirely, landing the young messenger on his back on the veranda.

Will greeted this performance with a loud laugh, though Ches did not think it was funny at all.

He got up, and, pulling open the other shutter, tried the window-sash inside.

It yielded to his touch, and flew up.

"Come on in," he said to his companion, stepping through the opening.

Will followed, and then they had the satisfaction of watching the storm from the shelter of the dark and empty front room of the building.

"Say! this is great luck," chuckled Will. "It makes a chap feel good to see what he missed. Gee! How it does come down!"

And it did, for a fact.

The thunder crashed almost above their heads now, and the darkened landscape was lighted up at frequent intervals by lurid flashes of forked electricity.

The rain thundered against the side and top of the old roadhouse, reverberating through the empty building like the long roll of a snare-drum.

"It's better to be born lucky than rich," replied Ches.

The rain was swept by the wind into every corner of the veranda outside, and had the boys been forced to remain out there they would have got a fairly good wetting, in spite of the fact that there was a roof over their heads.

Inside of the building, however, they were quite protected.

"I wonder how long since this old trap was occupied?" said Will.

"A good many years ago, I guess," answered Ches.

"I should think the person who owned this property would put it to some good use. There's no money in letting a house go to rack and ruin."

"Probably the owner hasn't been able to get a tenant, and doesn't want to live here himself. As a roadhouse it no doubt ceased to pay long ago, and nobody wants to occupy it as a mere dwelling. Maybe the property belongs to heirs under age, or it may be tied up in some kind of an endless lawsuit. I dare say a whole lot of reasons could be found to account for its being out of commission."

"Let's look it over while the storm is on?" suggested Will.

The idea met with his companion's approval, and they proceeded to explore the old building.

The room they were in was the biggest one in the house, and had evidently been used as a barroom.

The bar and shelving were still in evidence, covered with a thick mantle of dust.

Everything of any value at all had been carried away.

There were three other rooms on that floor, one of which showed traces of having been used as a kitchen.

A front stairway and a back one led to the floor above, where the boys found four vacant rooms that echoed their tread.

Another narrow staircase pointed the way to the garret.

Here they found two unfinished rooms under the sloping roof.

One of these was as bare as the others, while the other contained a number of broken chairs, a demoralized table, and an old-fashioned dresser that looked as if it belonged to the Revolutionary period.

It was built of solid Spanish mahogany, and the drawers had glass knobs, that presented an odd look to the boys, who had never seen such things before.

Ches pulled the drawers out, one by one, but there was nothing but some old newspapers in them.

While they had been going over the house the storm was raising Cain outside.

It was now directly over that part of the landscape.

The lightning constantly illuminated the old garret, while the thunder boomed with fearful distinctness.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Will. "This is a fierce thunder storm for this time of the year. It's a mighty lucky thing we're not out in it."

"Bet your life it is!" replied Ches. "Just listen to that rain!"

The boys were still standing in front of the ancient dresser, after closing the last drawer.

"What would you give for this old relic, if it was put up at auction?" asked Ches.

"Give for it! I wouldn't bid a nickel. It isn't worth the powder to blow——"

The last word was still on his lips when a dazzling flash

of electricity, mingled with an awful crash, tore a hole through the roof and struck the old dresser.

The boys, surrounded with blinding streams of lurid fire, were flung, stunned, upon the floor—Ches across the ruins of the dresser, and Will six feet away.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT THE THUNDERBOLT BROUGHT TO CHESTER YOUNG.

It was a thunderbolt that had struck the old roadhouse and knocked the two boys out.

Fortunately, its force had been spent upon the dresser, which was now a complete wreck.

Through the hole torn in the roof a stream of water poured down upon Chester's white, upturned face, lying in the midst of the debris, and the shock of the miniature waterfall shortly revived the young messenger.

The storm was already passing away in the direction of New York, but it was still kicking up quite a racket.

For several minutes after recovering his senses Ches lay dazed by the terrible experience he had been up against.

Then he began to move, and presently sat up and looked around.

Part of the dresser hung over him in a threatening way, as if about to fall, and the boy instinctively put up his hand and pushed it back.

As he did so a small tin box fell out of the ruin and struck him across the chest.

Ches looked at it wonderingly.

The lid had been partly torn away, and as the boy raised it several blackened gold coins fell out in his hands.

The young messenger was astonished at the sight of the money, and he forgot all about his companion for the moment.

The lightning flashes were not strong enough now to light the attic up so that he could see the contents of the box with any distinctness, and the clouded sky made the room very dark, although it was only the middle of the afternoon.

Ches was eager to examine his find, and thought of the match-safe he always carried in his pocket.

Flashing a match he saw that the box appeared to be quite full of tarnished gold pieces of American coinage.

"Talk about luck!" cried Ches. "I'm right in it. There must be several hundred dollars here. There is no doubt but that the box came out of the wreck of that dresser which was struck by the lightning bolt. It must have been hidden away in some secret aperture, for Will and I examined all the drawers, and found nothing of any importance in them. And that reminds me—where is Will?"

He looked around, and saw his companion lying, silent and motionless, several feet away.

"Great Scott! Can he be dead?" gasped the young messenger, putting down the box and crawling over to his friend. "Here, Will!—wake up—wake up!"

He shook the unconscious boy, but Nash gave no sign of life.

With trembling fingers Ches drew another match from his box, lit it, and held the flame down to the white face of his companion.

It looked very death-like under the glare of the light, and Ches uttered a groan of dismay.

Then he tore open Will's vest and placed his ear above the boy's heart.

He held his breath and listened intently.

To his great relief and satisfaction he saw that Will was not dead, for he heard a faint pulsation.

He immediately dragged his friend over to where the rain was still dropping down through the hole in the roof, and placed his face under the falling water.

Then he rubbed his face and temples vigorously in an effort to recall the lad to his senses.

His tactics were successful, for Will soon gave signs of returning animation.

In a few moments he sat up and looked around in a dazed way.

"How do you feel, old man?" asked Ches.

"What happened to me?" asked Will, in a puzzled way.

"Don't you know?"

"I do not."

"The building was struck by a thunderbolt, and we were both knocked silly."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yes. We were standing in front of that old dresser, when suddenly there was a tremendous shock, the whole place seemed a mass of fire, and that's all I remembered till I came to my senses and felt a stream of water dropping on my face from a hole in the roof. The dresser was knocked into a cocked hat. If we had had our hands on it at the time I guess we'd have been gone cases."

"I begin to remember things now," said Will. "The lightning has passed away, and the rain has let up."

"Then we'd better leave this old shack. I've had enough of it."

"That thunderbolt brought me a great piece of luck."

"It did!" exclaimed Will, in surprise. "How so?"

"Wait till I strike a match, and I'll show you."

Ches flashed a lucifer, and showed his companion the box of tarnished gold coin.

"Gee! Where did that come from?" ejaculated Will in amazement.

"From that old dresser."

"How could that be? We looked through all the drawers, and found only a few old newspapers."

"There must have been a secret drawer or receptacle in it, just the same, for the box dropped out of it into my arms."

"It did?"

"Yes. The lightning twisted the cover half off it."

"That looks like gold coin."

"That's what it is."

"There ought to be several hundred dollars in the box."

"I guess there is."

"Won't I come in for any of it?"

"I have no objection to giving you a whack in it, though the discovery was actually mine."

"Oh, I don't ask you for an even divide. Give me what you please."

"How will a quarter suit?"

"That will be all right. I wonder who it belonged to?"

"The owner must be dead and gone long ago, or the money would not have remained in that old piece of furniture. I guess we are fairly entitled to it."

"Sure we are! Finders is keepers in a case like this. Look at the color of the money! It's been there half a century, at least."

"We can get a line on that by looking at the date on the coin," said Ches. "I must wrap the box up in one of the old newspapers so that I can carry it safely."

Ches did that, and then they descended to the ground floor, and made their exit by the window, which they shut down, and closed the shutters as well as they could.

"I guess we'd better start back for the city," said Will. "The rain has made the roads too heavy for pleasant riding."

"I agree with you."

So when they mounted their wheels they started back for New York.

It took them considerably longer getting to the ferry than it had to reach the roadhouse when the road was hard.

After crossing the river they still had a long ride up to Harlem before them.

It was after six when they arrived at their street.

"Come over after you've had your supper, Will, and we'll count the money in the box, and then you can have your share," said Ches.

"All right. I'll be over—bet your boots!"

Ches carried the newspaper-wrapped box to his room, and left it in his trunk; then he went in to supper.

He told his mother and sister about the adventure he and Will had at the old roadhouse.

Both were much concerned over the narrow escape from death he had had.

"Never mind, mother. A miss is as good as a mile, any day. It isn't often a chap gets hit by lightning and lives to tell the tale," laughed Ches.

"If you had really been hit you wouldn't be here now, brother dear," replied Nellie Young. "What were your sensations at the time?"

"All I can remember is that I thought the roof had fallen in on us and that the attic was on fire. I don't want to go through the same thing again."

"I should hope not," replied his mother. "You had a very providential escape."

"I think Will caught it a shade worse than me, for I found him six feet from the remains of the dresser, while I was right on top of a part of it."

"I don't like to talk about it, my son."

"Then we'll talk about the luck it brought me."

"Luck! What do you mean?" asked his sister.

"There was a tin box, full of money, in the dresser, hidden away in some secret drawer, and the thunderbolt brought it to light."

"Oh, come now, brother! No fairy tales, please."

"I'm not giving you any fairy tale, but the honest facts. I found a tin box, or rather the tin box found me, for it dropped out of the old dresser after the bolt had split it apart, and it hit me in the chest. It was full of old blackened gold coin."

"Are you telling the truth, Chester Young?" almost gasped his sister.

"Say! have you ever caught me in a lie yet, sis?"

"Of course not! But that seems—Where is the tin box and the money that you found?" asked his sister, looking very intently at him.

"In my trunk."

"Go and get it, and let us see how much money there is in it."

"Not until after supper. There is no rush about it, so long as the coin is safe. I'm going to give Will a quarter of it, and he's coming over to help count it."

"How much do you think the box holds?" asked Nellie eagerly.

"Several hundred dollars, at any rate."

"You're going to give me some, aren't you? I need a new gown, and a new hat, and lots of things. Mother needs clothes, too."

"Oh, don't worry. I'm not a hog. You and mother shall have a share of it."

"Good!" cried Nellie, clapping her hands.

They had hardly finished supper when Will came in, eager to see about the money in the tin box.

The table was quickly cleared, and then Ches produced the box and dumped its contents out in a pile.

Only the upper layers of coin were tarnished, the rest being fairly bright.

There was nothing else in the box—nothing to give a clue to the person who had deposited the box in the dresser.

The coins, which consisted of \$5, \$10 and \$20 gold pieces, bore dates from 1867 to 1875.

Ches counted each denomination separately, while Will kept tally, and Nellie, with her mother, were interested spectators.

The result was as follows: Double eagles, 20; eagles, 50; and half-eagles, 23, making a grand total of \$840.

"A quarter of \$840 is \$210. There's your divvy, Will," said Ches, pushing an assortment of the coins toward his friend.

"Thanks. I'm rich," said Will, shoveling his share into his pocket with great satisfaction.

"Here's a hundred for you, mother, and thirty for you, sis. That leaves an even \$500 for yours truly."

Everybody was satisfied, and the broken tin box was sent to the garbage can.

CHAPTER III.

CHESTER'S PRESENCE OF MIND SAVES WILL'S LIFE.

"I see the paper, this morning, is filled with rumors of big deals of one kind or another," said Ches, next morning, to Will, as they boarded an elevated express for Wall Street.

"What do you care?" grinned his friend. "You won't have a hand in any of them. Besides, they're bound to be branded as untrue, by those who ought to know, before the day is out."

Great Northern has been going up lately, I've noticed, and one of the stories is that it is preparing to make a large stock offer to its stockholders. It is said that the president of the road has been working on that plan for several months, which explains the recent activity around his office."

"G. N. is going around 72. If you think so much of it, why don't you put that \$500 of yours into it on margin, and see if you can double your money?"

"Not much. I've something better than that in sight."

"What is it?"

"I found out day before yesterday that a syndicate has been formed to boom J. & C., which is ruling low at present, around 42. I'm going to get in on that just as soon as I can get around to that little bank on Nassau Street."

"How did you get on to the tip?"

"That's a secret, but it's a sure winner. I'd advise you to put your \$200 on it. You'll more than double your money."

"Oh, I can't monkey with the market. I never can get away from the office during business hours."

"You get off around three. The little bank keeps its brokerage department open till four for the accommodation of clerks and others."

"That's all right; but supposing I saw urgent reasons for selling out during office hours? How could I do it?"

"You could arrange to do it by telephone, couldn't you?"

"I don't know whether I could or not."

"The way to learn is to inquire at the bank."

"Well, I'll consider your suggestion. So you think J. & C. is a good thing?"

"You can gamble on it that it is. I'm going to back it to the limit of my pile."

The boys gave their attention the rest of the way downtown to their papers, and when the train stopped at Rector Street they got out and started for their offices.

At the corner of Broadway and Wall Street they ran into Miss Smith, the office stenographer.

"Good-morning, Hattie," said Ches, raising his hat, while Will did the same.

"Why, good-morning, Ches—and you, too, Will!" smiled the typewriter girl.

"What kind of a time did you have yesterday?" asked Ches.

"I had a lovely time," she replied.

"I thought so. You look as fresh as a daisy this morning, and as blooming as a June rose."

"Thank you for the compliment," laughed the girl.

"Don't mention it. Will and I did pretty well ourselves yesterday, too."

"Boys always seem to have a good time."

"Sure they do. Don't you wish you were a boy?" grinned Ches.

"Oh, no. I'm quite contented as I am."

"That's because you can't help yourself. My sister often says she wishes she was a boy."

"Oh, we girls have good times just the same, don't you make any mistake about that."

"I know about seventy-two good reasons why I wouldn't be a girl, if I could," chuckled Ches.

"What are some of them?"

"I can't bother thinking about them now. I was going to tell you about the great luck that Will and I fell into yesterday."

"What was it?" asked Hattie Smith curiously.

"To begin with, we got struck by lightning."

"My gracious! Do you call that good luck?"

"Sure!—when it landed \$840 in my pocket, of which Will captured \$210."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You heard that thunder storm yesterday afternoon, didn't you?"

"I should think I did. I'm afraid of electric disturbances."

"I don't wonder—you're so attractive."

"You seem to be throwing bouquets this morning," said Hattie, with a smile and a blush.

"You deserve them, don't you?"

Hattie gave him a pinch on the arm.

She and Ches were great friends, and got along famously together.

"Well, to get back to that thunder storm," went on the young messenger. "We were over in the wilds of New Jersey when it came up, and, fortunately, we found shelter in an old deserted roadside house. We were up in the attic, snooping around to see what we could discover, when a thunderbolt struck the roof, and what it didn't do to us, without actually killing us, isn't worth mentioning."

"Is that really a fact?"

"Ask Will, if you don't believe me."

"That's right," replied Will. "We were both knocked unconscious."

"Goodness!" ejaculated the girl. "How did you escape?"

"Oh, we're lightning proof," grinned Ches. "The fact of the matter is, we only escaped by the skin of our teeth."

"Yes, we had a mighty close call," chipped in Will. "I think I got the worst of it, for I was knocked six feet from an old dresser that was wrecked by the bolt."

"We were both within a foot of the dresser when the bolt came through the roof and struck it," said Ches. "I thought the whole house was being carried away. The crash was something fearful. It's a wonder our eardrums were not put out of business for good. Less than that has done the trick for some people."

"It must have been dreadful!" said Hattie.

"It must be felt to be appreciated."

Ches then told the girl how the tin box, full of gold coins, had turned up.

To say she was astonished would be to put it mildly.

By that time they had reached the big office building where they were employed, and they took the elevator up to the third floor.

They met Miss Smith's particular friend, Miss Daisy Green, on whom Will was mashed, in the elevator.

She worked for another broker on the same floor.

As they were all early this morning, Ches invited the bunch into Mr. Ingoldsby's private office for a short chat.

Of course, Will had to tell Miss Green about the narrow escape he and Ches had from the thunderbolt.

While he was giving an illustration of how they were standing in front of the old dresser, a creaking sound in the ceiling suddenly attracted Ches's attention.

Looking up, he saw the big chandelier in the middle of the room shiver, and then swing slowly off its center.

Will was standing directly underneath it.

"Jump for your life, Will!" Ches cried, in a tone quivering with excitement.

Seeing that Nash didn't catch his meaning, he sprang forward, seized the boy's arm, and swung him around, just as the heavy chandelier fell with a crash.

The point of the brass shaft penetrated the expensive rug, and the boards beneath, and stood almost erect, quivering, as if with the ague, while the glass globes were smashed into a thousand fragments.

Both of the girls screamed, and sprang back in different directions.

As for Will, when he realized the fate he had escaped owing to his friend's presence of mind, he turned ghastly white, and seemed on the point of collapsing.

"Brace up, old man!" said Ches, slapping him on the shoulder.

"Oh, lor'!" gasped Will. "I just missed getting that on my head!"

"Well, as long as you missed it, what are you kicking about?" said Ches.

"But I don't like to think about it."

"Forget it, then, and help clean up the wreck. The boss will have a fit when he comes down and sees the hole in that rug. It cost him \$600."

"It's better to have the hole in the rug than in my head. You can get a new rug, but I couldn't get a new head. But I haven't thanked you for saving my life, Ches! It's been a case of rattles with me ever since that chandelier hit the floor. I hardly know how to express my gratitude, but I am grateful, you can bet your life!"

"All right, old man. I can imagine how I'd feel in your case. You're in hard luck to have had two close calls for your life in as many days. Now get busy and help me gather up the splinters."

The two girls, after expressing their admiration of Ches's quick action and presence of mind, which had saved Nash, withdrew from the room, leaving the boys to clean up the wreck of the chandelier.

CHAPTER IV.

CHES AND COHEN THE BROKER.

Ches had an explanation ready for Mr. Ingoldsby, when that gentleman arrived at the office, to account for the damaged rug and the presence of the broken chandelier standing in a corner of the room.

The broker immediately sent for the superintendent of the building and told him that the chandelier would have to be put up at once in a secure manner, and that the owners would have to replace his rug with a new one.

Mr. Ingoldsby then went over his mail, and presently

called Ches, and told him to send Miss Smith in to take dictation.

Shortly afterward he rang for his messenger, and sent him out with a couple of notes to deliver.

Between that time and three o'clock Ches had little time to think about J. & C. stock.

He kept tab on it, however, and found that it did not go up during the day.

Will was through with his duties shortly after three, and went home.

Ches had several errands to run after taking the day's deposits to the bank, and it was twenty minutes of four when he left the office for good.

He at once made a line for the little bank on Nassau Street, and stepped up to the window where the margin clerk had his desk.

"I want to buy 100 shares of J. & C. on margin," he said.

"It will cost you \$420," said the clerk.

"All right," replied Ches. "Here's the coin."

The transaction was arranged, and then the young messenger took a train for home.

Several days passed away, during which J. & C. made an advance of three points.

"Well, you see what you lost by not taking advantage of the tip I gave you?" said Ches to Will Nash on the afternoon of the third day. "You could have bought fifty shares on margin, and now you would be \$150 richer. I'm \$300 ahead myself at this time. Better buy now, before the stock goes higher, and you'll make a good thing out of it as it is."

Will hated to risk his \$200, and as a result he didn't take his friend's advice.

Next day Ches was sent with a message to Broker Cohen, of the Vanderpool Building.

Ches didn't know Cohen, who was a stout, pompous-looking trader, as this was the first time he had ever gone to his office.

As he was on the point of entering the gentleman's office, Cohen came out in a hurry, bound for the Exchange, and the two came together with such force that Ches slipped down, and the broker stumbled over him and measured his length on the marble floor.

Ches sprang to his feet and politely offered his hand to the fallen trader to help him up.

Cohen received this civility with very bad grace.

The fall had jarred him considerably, and he was hot under the collar.

He got on his legs without any assistance, and turning on Ches, made a vicious kick at the young messenger.

Ches caught his foot to save himself, and the stout broker went down on his back with a thud that awoke the echoes of the corridor.

Cohen's head struck the floor with a whack that made him see stars.

When he pulled himself together Ches had disappeared inside his office and was asking a clerk for Mr. Cohen.

"He's just gone over to the Exchange," said the clerk.

Cohen, in the meanwhile, hadn't noticed that Ches had gone into his office, and he looked around the corridor after him in a great rage.

Not seeing any sign of the boy, he picked up his hat and started for the elevator, vowing to get square with the lad whenever he saw him again.

He had hardly caught the elevator when Ches came out of his office bound for the Exchange with the note he had to deliver to Cohen.

Right before him in his path lay a long, fat pocketbook. He picked it up as a matter of course.

"I wonder who dropped this," he said to himself. "It wasn't there when I went into Cohen's office a few minutes ago. Maybe the fat man who tried to kick me lost it out of his pocket. Serves him right if he did. I wonder who he is, anyway?"

He opened the pocketbook and found that it contained ten \$1,000 bills and about \$50 in small ones.

"This would be quite a find for some people. Ten thousand dollars is a whole lot of money. Well, it's up to me to find the owner of it, and it's my opinion the stout gent is the individual. I wonder if he'll try to kick me again when I find him and ask him if the pocketbook is his? I guess I got square with him, anyway, when I caught his leg and landed him on his back. I didn't mean to upset him

but I'm not sorry that he caught it good and hard. He had no business to try and boot me just because we accidentally came together and he fell over me. Some men are gentlemen in their own opinion only. I don't see anything in this wallet to identify the owner. A man who carries around such a lot of money ought to have his business card with it. As he came out of Mr. Cohen's office, maybe the chief clerk in there knows him, and will be able to direct me to his office. I'll see."

So Ches returned to Cohen's office.

He went up to the clerk to whom he had spoken before.

"You remember I was in here five minutes ago, don't you?" he said.

"Yes," replied the clerk. "You asked for Mr. Cohen and I told you he had just gone to the Exchange."

"That's right. Can you tell me who the stout man is who came out of the office just before I entered?"

"Stout man! That must have been Mr. Cohen. Don't you know him?"

"What! Do you mean to say that was Mr. Cohen?" gasped Ches.

"Well, he went out just before you came."

"I ran against a stout man outside and upset him. He was as mad as a hornet and tried to kick me, but missed his aim. I left him floundering on the floor and came in here. When I left here for the Exchange I found this pocketbook in the corridor, and I have an idea it was dropped by him. There is \$10,000 in bills in it, so I came back to see if I could get a line on the owner in order to return it to him."

The clerk listened to the boy's statement in some astonishment.

"Describe the gentleman as accurately as you can," he said.

Ches did so.

"That was Mr. Cohen. He's apt to fly off when anything upsets him. As to the pocketbook, I couldn't identify it as his. You'd better show it to him when you deliver your note at the Exchange. If it's his you will square yourself with him for the mix-up by returning it. What's your name and who sent you here?"

"My name is Chester Young and I'm messenger for Ingoldsby & Co., No. — Wall Street."

"Well, show the wallet to Mr. Cohen and he'll tell you whether it's his or not."

So Ches started for the Exchange, somewhat doubtful as to the reception he would get from Mr. Cohen.

He entered the building by the messengers' entrance and asked an attendant if Mr. Cohen was on the floor.

"I'll see," replied the man, and he went off to find the broker.

Cohen was on the floor, and had just discovered he had lost his pocketbook.

He began to act like a wild man, and his actions attracted general notice around where he stood.

"What's the trouble, Cohen?" asked one of the brokers who had just made a trade.

"I have been robbed!" howled he.

"Robbed!" exclaimed the broker, and a crowd of traders, attracted by Cohen's excited manner, gathered quickly around. "How? When? Where?"

"Somebody has stolen my pocketbook with \$10,000," cried the broker, dancing around as he felt his clothes all over again.

Cohen was not very popular with the crowd for various reasons, and he received little sympathy, especially as his words seemed to imply that his wallet had been pinched since he reached the Exchange.

The attendant came up at that moment and said:

"There's a messenger at the rail wants to see you, Mr. Cohen."

"Go away! Go away!" screeched the broker. "I must find my pocketbook!"

"Help Cohen find his pocketbook," cried a voice on the edge of the crowd. "Who has got Cohen's pocketbook? Please step up to the chairman's desk and hand it over."

A chorus of sarcastic remarks and laughter greeted the foregoing sally.

"Maybe he's got it in his hat," suggested another voice.

Instantly a big wad of paper hit Cohen's dicer and sent it spinning to the floor amid great laughter.

He was hustled about here and there until he was white with rage.

Finally the intelligence reached the messengers that the commotion was due to Broker Cohen having lost his pocketbook with a big sum of money in it.

As soon as Ches heard that he called another attache up and told him to tell Mr. Cohen that he had found a wallet with a big sum of money in it, and that it might be the missing one.

As soon as this word was conveyed to the broker he made a bee-line for the messengers' entrance.

"Which is the boy who has got my pocketbook?" he asked excitedly.

The attache pointed Ches out.

Cohen recognized the boy at once.

"You you villain!" he cried. "You stole my pocketbook, eh? Send for a policeman. Don't let him get away!" and Cohen made a wild dive for Ches, who, objecting to that kind of treatment, stepped aside and he bumped into the rail with a crack that let him down on the floor pretty quick.

Probably fifty brokers rushed up to see the outcome of the Cohen affair.

Two of them raised the trader to his feet, and Ches held out the note to him first of all.

He made no effort to take it, but struggled to get at the young messenger, sputtering unintelligible expressions and shaking his fist at the boy.

The scene had by this time attracted so much attention that every broker not busy in some part of the room came rushing up to learn the cause of the excitement, until a huge mob was gathered behind Cohen and those who had hold of him.

A good many of the traders were under the impression that the trader had suddenly gone daffy.

Ches, believing an explanation on his part was in order, tried to make himself heard, but the noise was so great that he couldn't make any headway.

The chairman sent one of his staff down to straighten things out.

When he reached the scene of the disturbance Ches made a statement to him and handed him the pocketbook.

"That's mine! That's mine!" roared Cohen. "Give it to me! There is \$10,000 in it!"

The attache of the Exchange looked into the wallet and found that sum and a little over in it.

All the brokers were satisfied that Chester Young's story was true, and when the wallet was returned to Cohen somebody said:

"What are you going to give him for returning it to you, Cohen?"

The broker, however, declined to come up with even a nickel.

Instead of which, after hastily examining the contents of the book, he insinuated that some of the change was missing.

This statement was greeted with a loud groan from the traders.

The attache also handed Cohen Mr. Ingoldsby's note which he had refused to take from the young messenger.

He tore it open, read it, and then, glaring at Ches, said there was no answer.

After that he walked hastily away, followed by groans and cries of derision from the other traders, while Ches made a hasty exit from the Exchange.

CHAPTER V.

CHES CLOSES OUT HIS FIRST DEAL.

"What kept you so long?" asked Mr. Ingoldsby, when Ches returned and told him that Mr. Cohen said there was no answer to the note.

Ches explained why he had been so long.

When he described the scene at the Exchange, Mr. Ingoldsby chuckled.

He knew what Cohen's reputation was among the boys.

"Well," said the broker, "take this note to Mr. Black in the Mills Building, and get a hustle on, for it ought to have been there before this."

"All right, sir," replied Ches, and he carried the note to its destination in record time.

When he got back he found that J. & C. had gone up another point, and was now quoted at 46.

It went to 46 1-2 before the Exchange closed, and Will began to feel sorry he had not bought the stock when he could have got it for 42.

Ches told him there was still a chance for him to make a good thing out of it, but he didn't want to buy now for fear it might take an unexpected drop.

Next day the stock continued to rise and closed at 47 3-8.

The whole market was buoyant, and all stocks were higher than they had been the previous week.

The following day was Saturday, and a whole lot of business was transacted at the Exchange during the two-hour session.

The apparent scarcity of J. & C. stock had a favorable effect upon the price, for the eagerness displayed by several brokers to get hold of some of it sent the price to 50, at which it closed at noon.

On Monday morning Ches and Will got down a little extra early, and as it happened, Hattie Smith and her friend Daisy Green were also early birds.

Will followed Daisy into her own office to have a private chat with her, and Ches decided to improve the same opportunity with Hattie.

While she was taking off her hat he removed the cover from her machine so as to save her the trouble of doing so.

"If every day was Sunday we wouldn't have to come to work Monday morning, would we, Hattie?" he said, as she took her seat at her table.

"If every day was Sunday there wouldn't be any Monday at all, as a matter of course," she laughed. "Do you feel tired this morning?"

"Not particularly, only it feels harder to get down to business on Monday than on any other day of the week," replied Ches. "However, I expect to be my own boss one of these days, and then things will feel different."

"Do you intend to become a broker?"

"That's my idea unless I slip up."

"You'll have to make a lot of money before you can expect to make a successful start in the brokerage business."

"Well, I've started in to make it."

"Have you? In what way?"

"I've taken a shy at the market."

Hattie shook her head rather disapprovingly.

"I'm afraid you'll lose your money."

"Oh, I don't know. I bought 100 shares of J. & C. the first of last week for 42, and it closed on Saturday at 50. That doesn't look as if I was in a losing speculation."

"You're fortunate in striking a good thing. When are you going to realize?"

"I'm looking to see J. & C. go to 60."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, Ches. If I were you I'd be satisfied with the profit in sight. Eight hundred dollars is a very handsome profit for you to make."

"I agree with you, but the tip I got hold of indicates that J. & C. will go up 15 points, at any rate."

"How did you get hold of the tip?"

"I got it from Miss Elsie Cobb. She's a public stenographer in the Johnston Building. I have done her several favors at odd times and she thought she'd square the account by letting me in on a good thing. She's got a broker on the string, and he puts her up to money-making chances once in a while."

"That's all right, Ches; but you must remember that tips are not always infallible."

"I'm watching this one as close as I can, for I've got nearly all of that \$500 of mine up on it."

"I hope you'll come out all right, but I wouldn't take too many chances."

The entrance of two of the clerks put an end to the tete-a-tete, and Chester went outside and sat down.

In a few minutes Will came rushing in to avoid getting a calling down from the cashier for being apparently late at the office.

The boys had a short talk together and then it was time for the marker to get ready to attend to business for the day.

About half-past ten Ches was sent to the Exchange with a note to Mr. Ingoldsby's representative, and he arrived there in time to find a whole lot of excitement around the J. & C. pole.

He found that some broker was bidding on the stock and forcing the price up.

Very little of it came to the surface at the advanced rate.

and that set other brokers bidding for it, as was the case on Saturday.

Before Ches left the stock had gone up five points.

"That looks as if it was going to 60, sure," the young messenger said to himself, not a little excited at the prospect of making a fine haul out of his little deal.

When he got back to the office he saw Will marking the latest J. & C. quotation up at 53.

Will saw him coming in, and pointed to the figures he had just put down.

He had been kicking himself for the last fifteen minutes because he had not got in on the stock himself.

Ches had hardly taken off his hat before he was called to go out on another errand which took him to the Astor Building.

The broker was engaged, and he had to wait his turn to see him.

While he was waiting he mingled with the crowd around the ticker and found out that J. & C. was up to 58.

Another messenger came in while he was waiting and he and Ches got talking together.

"The Exchange is going crazy over J. & C.," said the other lad. "I heard a broker say that it's liable to go to 65 or 70."

"I wish it would," replied Ches.

"Why? Got any money on it?"

"Yes. I'm in on a small deal."

"How many shares have you got?"

"Oh, not many," replied Ches evasively. "It takes money to get much of anything even on margin."

"That's right, it does. You can't have less than five shares, and you stand to win \$100 on them."

The visitor who had been closeted with the broker now came out, and Ches made a break for the private room, where he delivered his note and received an answer to take back.

He had to go out again on another errand immediately, and he was kept steadily on the run right up to half-past two o'clock, when he saw that J. & C. had reached 65 5-8.

He had nothing to do for ten minutes, and then the cashier sent him to a stationer's on Nassau Street.

Ches had been considering the advisability of selling out for the past hour, and now that this errand carried him past the bank, he decided to do so, as he was by no means confident that J. & C. would go much higher.

The rush of quotations showed that there was a lot of stock changing hands and it struck him that the insiders might be disposing of their stock.

If such was the fact, he felt that he couldn't sell out himself any too quick.

"If I let it go until after the Exchange closes something may happen between that time and the morning that might land me in the soup. I am way ahead now and I think I will show good judgment by getting out from under."

Accordingly, on his way back from the stationer's, he ran into the bank and told the margin clerk to close out his account.

"All right, young man. Your stock will be sold inside of fifteen minutes."

As it was twenty minutes to three then, his shares would go among the last for the day.

"I feel better now," he said on his way back to the office.

"I was getting pretty nervous over my deal. If nothing happens to queer the price in the next ten minutes or so, I will be able to shake hands with myself."

Nothing did happen, and when the Exchange closed with J. & C. quoted at 66, Ches felt that he was on the safe side, and proceeded to figure up his profit.

CHAPTER VI.

CHES SURPRISES HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

Next day Ches got his check and statement from the little bank and he found that his own figures and the bank's were almost identical.

His profit for the deal amounted to \$2,300, which was a good bit more than he had anticipated making when he went into the transaction.

His margin deposit was returned to him, as a matter of course, and so altogether he was now worth \$2,800

It was rather a new sensation for him to feel that he was a capitalist in a small way, and he couldn't but admit that the thunderbolt which had knocked him and Will out on Decoration Day afternoon was the cause of his good luck.

He showed his check to Will at the first opportunity.

"Looks good, doesn't it?" he grinned.

"I should say so," replied his chum.

"You might have had one for a thousand if you had had the nerve to go in when I did. I told you J. & C. was a winner."

"I believe I would have gone in if I had had the time to attend to it; but considering the way I'm fixed I was afraid to tackle it."

"Well, I'm sorry you failed to get next to a wad of your own, but I suppose it can't be helped now. The tip was a prime article, and such things are not flying around with any undue frequency."

Before he went home he went in to the counting-room to tell Hattie Smith how well he had come out of his first speculation.

"I congratulate you, Ches," she said, after he had shown her his check. "You have had remarkably good luck. I hope you will put that money in a savings bank and let it stay there."

"If I do that, Hattie, I'll never get capital enough together to become a broker."

"If you don't do it, you are running great chances of losing the whole of it."

"Nothing ventured nothing won," he answered.

"People are venturing their money in the Street every day, and most of them are losing it. The public make little out of the brokers, while the brokers live on the public. Marginal speculation is not a profitable occupation in the long run. You may win occasionally, and that very fact tempts one to go in deeper. Then the first thing you know you get a jolt that takes all the fun out of the thing."

"You seem to know a whole lot about it, Hattie," laughed Ches.

"Why wouldn't I, after being a year in this office? Don't I see people come in here every day looking for easy money? They bring their little wads and poke them through the cashier's window thinking to get twice as much back in a few days. Do they? Out of a dozen one or two may win, the rest hang around until their margin is wiped out, and then we don't see them any more—that is, most of them. Some, of course, return later on when they have gathered together some more money, and they are just as confident the second time of winning as they were the first, and their chances are just the same as before. They are the lambs of Wall Street. My advice to you is, don't be a lamb."

"Don't you worry about me, Hattie. I've got \$2,800 on which I can call. If I lose it that's my funeral."

"Well, if you lose it don't come around and tell me, for I'd rather not hear about it."

"All right. I'll only tell you when I win, that is, if I do win. Good-afternoon. I will see you in the morning."

On his way home he stopped in at the bank and cashed his check.

He took a certificate of deposit for \$2,600 and \$200 in cash.

"Mother," he said, when he reached home, "did you spend all of that \$100 I gave you?"

"Of course not. I wouldn't be so extravagant. Money is hard to get."

"Well, here is another hundred to keep what you have left from getting lonesome," and he handed his mother five \$20 bills. "I've just made a little haul in Wall Street and can afford to be liberal."

"Do you mean to say that you made \$100 extra money?" asked his mother, in some surprise.

"Oh, I've made a great deal more than that."

"A great deal more? Why, how did you do it?"

"You remember that \$500 I had left after dividing up the coin I found in the old tin box a couple of weeks ago?"

"Of course I do."

"I put most of that up in a stock deal, and how much do you s'pose I made?"

"I have no idea."

"I made \$2,300."

Mrs. Young sat right down in the nearest chair and stared at her son.

She couldn't believe that she had heard him aright, or if she did that he was really in earnest.

"How much did you make?"

"I said I made \$2,300."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, mother. I brought home with me \$200 in cash, of which you now hold half in your hand, and a certificate of deposit from the bank for \$2,600. Look at it," and he handed his mother the certificate.

With such convincing evidence before her, Mrs. Young could no longer disbelieve the facts.

"And you made all this money in stocks?"

"Yes, mother, all but the \$500 with which I started."

"I don't see how you ever did it."

"I did it by backing a good tip."

"What is a tip, my son?"

Ches explained to his mother what a stock tip was.

"You've been working two years in Wall Street, and this is the first time I ever knew you to win any money in stocks," she said.

"It is the first deal I ever worked. It takes observation and experience, as well as money to make a venture with any reasonable chance of success. The experience I have been gaining right along. I've also been studying the market with the view of keeping abreast of things generally. I had no money to do anything until that \$500 came my way. It came in the nick of time, for I had just got the tip and didn't know what to do with it."

"It must be easy to make money in Wall Street when a boy of your age and limited experience can do so well," said his mother.

"It's easy if you're uncommonly lucky," laughed Ches. "Most of the outsiders who come down hoping to beat the brokers get plucked themselves. We are glad to see them because they make business."

"I hope you will take care of that money and not lose it."

"I'll keep my eye on it. I shan't risk any of it unless I see my way pretty clear to making a stake."

When his sister Nellie got home from her work, Ches surprised her with a gift of \$50.

Then he astonished her still more by telling her how much he had made in the stock market.

"Will might have made \$1,000, too, just as easy as rolling off a log, but he didn't have the nerve to risk his \$200," he said. "He'll never make a speculator. He is afraid to take chances, and you can't make a dollar in Wall Street without taking some chance, unless you're what is called a conservative broker, and rely on the legitimate returns from your business."

His sister expressed a certain amount of anxiety as to what Ches intended doing with \$2,000, but he couldn't give her much satisfaction, as he didn't know himself.

Next morning Ches, having an errand to the Johnston Building, managed to find the time to run up to the tenth floor to see Miss Cobb, who had given him the J. & C. pointer.

She employed half a dozen girls and was usually pretty busy.

She had known Ches for some time, and liked him very much.

When the young messenger walked in that morning she gave him a cordial welcome.

All the girls looked up and eyed him with a great deal of interest, for his good looks and gentlemanly address had already made quite an impression on them.

"I was in the building, so I thought I'd come up and see you, Miss Cobb," said Ches, in a cheerful, offhand way.

"I am very glad you did," smiled the young lady, who was a very pretty blonde.

"I hope I am not taking up your time from your business," he said, as he took a seat beside her desk.

"Not in the least. A visitor once in a while enlivens things."

"Well, I wanted to tell you how well I made out on that tip you gave me."

"Did you? I am very glad to hear it. I made a few dollars myself off it."

"I had money enough to buy 100 shares on margin. I got in on the ground floor at 42 and held on till it got to 65 5-8. I made \$2,300."

"You were fortunate, indeed. I bought at 42 but sold at 60. I had 200 shares and made about \$3,500."

"The funny thing about it is that I didn't have a cent to invest when you so kindly gave me the pointer," said Ches. "I knew it was a good one from the assurance you

gave me, but I was afraid it would have to go to waste as far as I was concerned. It happened, however, that I and my friend Will Nash met with a most remarkable adventure next day, that is, Decoration Day afternoon, and this adventure, which nearly put an end to our usefulness in this world, was after all the means of furnishing me with the capital to buy the 100 shares on margin."

"You interest me," said Miss Cobb. "Pray tell me about this adventure."

Ches at once told about the experience he and Will had in the old roadhouse, and how it ended in the discovery of the tin box full of gold coin which had been concealed for so many years in the ancient dresser.

Miss Cobb was astonished by the narrative, and congratulated Ches on having escaped with his life, and also on his luck in finding the small treasure trove.

"Well, if you have any more tips you care to put in my way I'll be glad to avail myself of them, for I have the money now to make use of them. I want to become a broker some day, and that takes money. If I should happen to catch on to anything good myself I won't forget to let you in on it."

"Thank you, Ches. I will remember you the next time I hear of a good thing in the market line."

Ches then said that he would have to get back to the office as he had already overstepped his limit.

"I will drop up again when I get the chance. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Ches," and the young messenger got out and was soon in the elevator en route for the street.

CHAPTER VII.

CHES MEETS WITH MORE SUCCESS, AND HELPS WILL TO A SMALL WAD.

Chester's success in his first venture made him anxious to get into the market again, but still he was sensible enough not to let his anxiety to make money get the better of his judgment and tempt him to rush blindly into a new deal.

He knew well enough that he wouldn't have made out half as well if it hadn't been that he had operated on a pretty sure thing.

He now kept a sharper lookout on Wall Street matters in the hope that something would turn up so that he could enlarge his little capital.

He was careful not to let any one in the office outside of Will and Hattie know that he had the least interest in stocks.

He was aware that if Mr. Ingoldsby got an inkling of the fact that he was doing anything in the speculative line he would hear from the broker.

There is an unwritten law in Wall Street which prohibits employees from going into the market on their own hook, and when a messenger or clerk does it he takes chances of losing his job.

A month or more passed away and still Ches held on to his certificate of deposit, and made no move to invest it in another marginal transaction.

He attended to his regular duties right up to the handle, as he always did, and no one from Mr. Ingoldsby down had any fault to find with him.

During that time he had frequent conferences with Will about the market, and the young marker was now as eager as Ches to make a deal himself, it being understood between them that Ches was to combine Will's money with his own the next time he went into anything that looked like a winner.

One day while Ches was waiting for a chance to deliver a note to a broker in his office he heard three brokers talking about a certain stock named O. & L., which had lately gone up several points.

What Ches heard induced him to believe that it was a good stock to get next to.

He told Will about it that afternoon, and Will agreed to bring his money down next day and let Ches use it for him.

O. & L. was going at 50 and promised to rise higher next day.

On his way home Ches stopped in at the little bank and bought 500 shares, which took nearly all of his money to cover the margin.

Next morning Will handed him his \$200, and during the morning Ches managed to get around to the bank and bought 40 shares for his friend.

Inside of two days the price had advanced about ten points and the brokers were buying it right and left for a further rise.

When Ches, on his return from an errand, saw O. & L. quoted at 60 1-4 he decided to sell out at once, for that was about as high as the brokers whom he had heard talking about it thought it would go.

He asked permission of the cashier for ten minutes to attend to a little business of his own, and receiving permission to go out, he lost no time to the bank and ordering his stock sold.

It turned out that he had done a lucky thing for himself and Will, for inside of half an hour, while he was executing an errand in the Mills Building, a sudden bear raid brought about a slump, and O. & L. tumbled to 5 in less than no time.

Will, who had been calculating on a boom in the stock, and making a big haul, had a fit when he saw the quick dropping of the price.

He was not aware that Ches had sold out their shares, and as a result he felt sure he was going to lose his \$200, or at least the greater part of it.

When Ches came in he made gestures that he wanted to speak to him, but Ches had no time, for he had an answer to the note he had taken to the Mills Building to deliver to Mr. Ingoldsby.

He vanished into the private room without noticing Will, and as the broker had another message waiting for him to take to the Pluto Building, he passed through the waiting-room like a shot and disappeared into the corridor.

While he was gone O. & L. continued to drop until it reached 39, where it came to anchor for a while.

When Ches got back again Will looked as though he had lost the only friend he had in the world.

Catching his chum's eye, he pointed gloomily at the last quotation of O. & L., and said, "We're in the soup."

Much to his surprise, Ches laughed and did not seem to be in the least concerned about the matter.

The young messenger paid no further attention to him or the blackboard, but sat down, and, taking up that morning's copy of the "Wall Street News," soon appeared to be deeply interested in the intelligence printed in its columns.

Before long Ches was called to go on another errand, and he was out nearly all the time up to ten minutes after three.

By that time, the Exchange having closed for the day, the crowd of customers had dispersed until next morning.

A lot of them had been interested in O. & L., and the sudden slump had wiped their margins out, so that there was as much gloom on their countenances when they left as there was on Will's.

When Ches returned from the bank after making the day's deposit, he found Will moping in the chair waiting for him.

Ches turned the bank-book in to the cashier, and as there was nothing to take him out again just then, he walked over to Will.

"Say, what's worrying you, old man?" he asked. "You look like the last rose of summer after it has wilted."

"That so? You take it mighty easy."

"Take what easy?"

"Why, O. & L. You know it's gone to pot, don't you?"

"What if it has?"

"Why, that's the stock we're in on. At any rate, I am, up to my neck."

"Oh, no, we're not in on that now."

"We aren't?" ejaculated Will, sitting up. "I thought—"

"We were in it, but I sold out half an hour before it went on the toboggan, so you needn't worry any more over it. We've made a profit of \$9 a share out of it."

"Do you mean that?" cried Will, feeling like a condemned felon who has been unexpectedly reprieved.

"Sure, I do. I wouldn't tell you so if it wasn't a fact."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"How could I when I didn't have the chance? What's the difference, anyway?"

"And we've made \$9 a share?"

"That's what we have."

"I had 40 shares."

"Correct."

"That's \$360 profit. Gee whiz! I won't do a thing when I get hold of that money. I'll blow myself to a new suit, and all the folks to something tiptop. Then I'll go out and paint the town red."

"Oh, come off. Don't talk foolish. You're acting like a kid that's got a new toy. If you're going to act like a chump I won't take you in on any more deals."

"I can't help it. I feel so good that I'd like to whoop."

"You can do that when you get outside, then maybe some cop will run you in for disturbing the peace, and that'll cost you \$10."

"How much did you make?"

"I made ten times as much as you, and yet you don't see me going into spasms over it. Keep cool. First thing you know the boss will get on to our little game and we may both get fired."

"I'm through. When are you going home?"

"Pretty soon now."

"I'm going out to get something to eat. I'll meet you downstairs at the door."

Will put on his hat and got out.

"Well, it doesn't take much to set him off," said Ches, as he watched his chum depart. "He's one of the chaps that can't stand success. I wonder what he'd do if he had made \$4,500, like I did? Wall Street wouldn't be able to hold him. That was a lucky deal, all right. I'm worth \$7,000 now. I suppose sis will have a fit when I tell her. I could buy a house and lot for that somewhere up in the Bronx, or over in Brooklyn, and be my own landlord. I don't think I will, though. I can use it to better advantage right here in Wall Street. Half-past three. Time to quit."

Ches asked the cashier if he wanted him any more, and finding that he didn't, he put on his hat and left the office.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHES SAVES HATTIE FROM DROWNING.

Next day the boys got their money from the little bank.

Will took his all in cash, and got it in \$5 bills, so it would make a big wad.

Ches took his in a certificate of deposit, as, before, and having \$100 in his trunk at home, he got that out and presented it to his mother when he told her about his latest good luck.

It was a mystery to Mrs. Young how her bright son had suddenly developed a talent for making money.

She knew nothing about Wall Street, or its methods, but what Ches told her at odd times, and the general impression she had gathered from his talk was that more money was lost in Wall Street in speculation than anywhere else.

That made it look strange to her that Chester could be so successful in such a short time.

Two months since he hadn't a dollar to overtake another, and now he admitted that he could lay his hands on \$7,000.

It was quite beyond her powers of reasoning.

Chester's sister couldn't understand her brother's success, either, but he told her laughingly not to worry about it as long as things came his way, for she was sure to get a whack out of his profits when she needed the money.

"I always need money, so I'll take some now," she said, holding out her hands.

"It's after banking hours, so you'll have to wait," grinned her brother.

"But you gave mother \$100."

"I know I did. I had that in my trunk."

"How about Will Nash? Hasn't he made anything?"

"Sure, he did. He captured \$360."

"That isn't so much. Why doesn't he make money like you? You're both in the same office."

"He hasn't got the capital. If he had gone in on J. & C. that time he might have made \$1,000 or more. Then he could have bought more than 40 shares of O. & L. this time and made a good haul."

After the slump on O. & L. the market got dull and remained so for the rest of the summer.

Ches, Will and Hattie Smith got their vacation all in the same week, during the last of August.

Hattie was to visit her married sister, whose husband kept the drug-store, at Shelter Island, and she invited Ches to come down and spend a day or two.

Ches told her that he and Will had concluded to go there

for a week and had arranged for board at one of the houses near the lake.

The three left by boat on Saturday afternoon from the foot of Wall Street.

It was a long trip up the Sound to the extreme eastern point of the northern shore of Long Island, then through Plum Gut, a narrow strait, and westward to the wharf in front of the Prospect House, and they reached their destination about ten o'clock that night.

The boat then went on around the island to Sag Harbor, an old seaport town on the southern shore of Long Island.

There was an omnibus to take them to the boarding house, after dropping Hattie close to her sister's home.

Next morning Ches and Will walked around to call on the stenographer, and were introduced to her sister and brother-in-law.

Then the young folks started out for a stroll around Prospect Heights.

The three had a fine time during the next three days, when Will was made happy by the unexpected appearance of Daisy Green, who had been invited by Hattie to spend the last half of the week with her.

She came down on the regular night boat, which reached Prospect wharf at five o'clock in the morning.

Hattie intending to give the boys, especially Will, a surprise, hadn't told them that Daisy was coming, so when they called around at the cottage as usual on Thursday morning to arrange about the day's programme, they found Daisy sitting on the veranda with Hattie.

"Great hornspoons!" cried Will. "Is this really you, Daisy?"

"Looks like me, doesn't it?" she laughed.

"This is certainly a surprise," said Ches. "I'm glad you've come for Will's sake," he added, with a chuckle. "He's been mooning about you ever since he's been here."

"Oh, you get out!" cried Will, getting red in the face, while Daisy blushed like a red rose.

"What'll I get out for? Didn't I tell the truth?"

"Go to thunder!" growled Will.

Ches laughed heartily at Will's embarrassment.

Daisy's arrival was quite satisfactory to Ches, too.

He would now have Hattie all to himself, which was what suited him exactly.

So the young folks paired off as natural as anything, and all seemed delighted with the new order of things.

That afternoon the boys hired a boat and the four went for a sail on the bay.

It was a lovely afternoon, with just enough wind to keep the cat-boat on fair headway.

There were a score of other sailboats out at the same time, including a naphtha launch carrying half a dozen young college chaps.

These lads were whooping things up at a great rate.

They had been out fishing all morning and were coming back with a small load of the finny tribe, and a bigger load of strong spirits, which they had taken with them in pocket flasks to wash down their lunch with.

Ches noticed that the course of the launch was rather erratic at times, as if the steersman did not keep a steady hand on the tiller.

He endeavored to give the craft a wide berth, but the college lads, attracted by the good looks and natty appearance of Hattie and Daisy, wouldn't let him.

They steered toward the cat-boat, waving their hats and shouting at the two girls.

"I think those boys are just too fresh for anything," said Daisy.

Hattie coincided with her.

Will was getting hot under the collar at the familiarity of the strangers, and he looked as if he'd just as soon have a run-in with them as not.

"Keep away as far as possible from them, Ches," begged Hattie.

"That's what I'm trying to do, but they are following us up."

"They've got a whole lot of nerve," growled Will. "We don't want anything to do with them."

The boys started up a college song, winding up with a college yell, and then somehow or another the steersman got mixed up, for the launch veered around and came full speed directly at the cat-boat.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Ches. "They'll run us down

if they keep on. Here, you fellows!" he shouted to them. "Keep away! Do you want to sink us?"

There was confusion on board the launch, and one or two of the occupants, seeing how things were, tried to reach the helm in time to alter the boat's course, for the steersman was clearly not able to control the boat.

The distance between the two boats, however, was too short, and as the girls rose to their feet with screams of terror the launch struck the cat-boat a glancing blow astern, knocking Hattie Smith into the water, and she sank like a shot.

Without the loss of a moment Ches threw off his light blazer and dove after her.

The launch went on its course, while the cat-boat, fortunately not materially injured, slipped away at another angle.

Will, having no experience at all with sailboats, was rattled over the situation.

He grabbed the tiller and turned it the wrong way.

The boat turned, and the boom swinging around would have carried Daisy overboard but that she fell into the bottom of the cockpit when the boat leaned over in the new direction.

Will only dodged in time to save his head, and then he was all at sea, for the boat was now gliding away from the spot where Hattie and Ches went down.

At that moment Ches came to the surface with the struggling girl held firmly by one arm.

Shaking the water from his eyes, he looked around for the cat-boat, and saw it a hundred yards away, and going further because of Will's inability to do the right thing.

Fortunately, the mishap had been observed by an experienced boatman who had a party of ladies out in a cat-boat, and he headed at once for the spot where Ches was treading water and holding Hattie's head above the surface.

Inside of three minutes he was hauling the girl into his craft, after which he gave Ches a helping hand.

"Thanks," said the young messenger. "Now please head for our boat. My friend doesn't know the first thing about handling the craft."

"I see he doesn't," replied the boatman.

The ladies on the boat took charge of Hattie, who was badly frightened and soaked through and through.

The boatman presently had his craft alongside the one in which Will sat helpless, and Ches sprang aboard of her and took charge of the helm.

Hattie was then taken into the cockpit, and Ches told Daisy to lead her into the cabin, take off her clothes and put her into one of the two bunks there.

The young messenger thanked the boatman for his assistance, and the ladies for their sympathy, and headed back for one of the Prospect Heights wharves.

"Don't blame me, Ches," said Will. "I did the best I knew, which didn't amount to much."

"I don't blame you, old man. A fellow has got to know something about a boat to be able to come to time in case of an emergency like what you were up against."

"It's a good thing you know how to swim, or Hattie Smith would have been drowned," said Will.

"I guess she would," admitted Ches.

"Those chaps who ran into us ought to be arrested and prosecuted. They must have been drunk to do a thing like that. And to make it worse they went off and left us in the lurch."

"I shall report the matter to the constable at the Heights. In any case, I guess Hattie's brother-in-law will make things hot for them."

"I hope they get all that's coming to them."

When Ches brought the boat alongside the wharf he sent Will to the cottage to get dry clothes for Hattie, and while waiting he told a small crowd that gathered about the boat the full particulars of the accident.

A boatman present said that he knew the college lads by sight who had gone out in the launch, which belonged to the Shelter Island Yacht Club.

Some of them were stopping at the Prospect House, and the others were living with their parents at cottages in the neighborhood.

Those who heard Chester's story denounced the conduct of the students, and said that they ought to be punished.

When Will got back with a dry outfit for Hattie, the girl dressed herself and came out of the cabin with Daisy.

"You saved my life, Ches," she said gratefully, "and I

cannot possibly thank you enough for your brave effort in my behalf."

"That's all right," he replied. "I didn't do any more than my duty, for you were in my charge. At any rate, I'd risk my life any day for your sake."

Hattie blushed vividly at the earnest way he uttered the last sentence, and she said "Thank you," very softly, and accepted his arm confidently as he gave it to help her on the dock.

Ches didn't feel very comfortable in his wet clothes, and Hattie sympathized with him in a way that made him feel as if he'd just as soon jump into the water every day to do her a favor.

They lost no time in getting to the cottage, which was quite a walk from the wharf, and then Ches stripped and sent his clothes downstairs to be dried in the kitchen.

Hattie's brother-in-law furnished him with an outfit of his own togs, which fitted him well enough to allow him to appear at the supper table later on.

The druggist was very indignant at the students when he heard the story of the catastrophe, and he made it his business to obtain all their names and addresses.

He threatened to have them all arrested, but through the interposition of the fathers of some of them the matter was patched up.

After that event Ches and Hattie were drawn more closely together, and the stenographer felt a new interest in the gallant young messenger which she made no effort to hide, much to his satisfaction.

The rest of their short vacation passed without any other thrilling incident, and Sunday brought the vacation of the quartette to an end.

They took the half-past seven boat for Greenport, a small town on the north shore opposite Shelter Island, where they connected with the eight o'clock train for New York, and reached Brooklyn about eleven.

Then Ches saw Hattie to her home, Will did the same service for Daisy, and it was well after midnight when the boys reached their own homes.

CHAPTER IX.

CHES GETS NEXT TO ANOTHER WINNER.

A few days after Ches resumed his duties at the office, while waiting under a portico for a smart shower of rain to let up, he heard a couple of traders talking about a certain stock that was to be boomed by a syndicate within the next few days.

This was very interesting intelligence, but unfortunately it did Ches no good, for the name of the stock in question was not mentioned by either of the gentlemen.

"That's mighty aggravating," he said to himself, as the shower stopped and the two brokers went off down the street. "If they had only given me some idea of the identity of the stock I would have acquired a first-class tip, but, as matters stand, the information doesn't amount to a hill of beans as far as I'm concerned."

However, he determined to watch the market reports closely to see if he could detect by the rise of some particular stock indications of a coming boom in it.

This was not a very reliable way to arrive at what he wanted to know, but it was the only way he could think of getting a possible line on the stock.

Two days afterward he saw that A. & B. shares showed signs of considerable activity, and the morning papers hinted that there must be something doing in the background to cause the rise in price of that stock.

Ches was interested and looked A. & B. up.

He found that it had been selling around 65 all summer and that it was now quoted at 70.

The Wall Street financial dailies also took notice of the upward tendency of A. & B., and gave various reasons for its lively movements in the market.

Ches made it his business to watch A. & B. closely, and during the day saw that it advanced to 72.

That afternoon on his way home he went into the little bank and ordered 900 shares of the stock bought for his account, putting up the bulk of his certificate of deposit as security.

The margin clerk knew his face well by this time and said to him:

"You're getting to be quite an operator, Young."

"Sure, I am. I'm a young Jay Gould, if you knew it," grinned Ches.

"Are you working on tips? I notice you've been quite successful so far."

"I'm working on anything I can get hold of," chuckled the young messenger.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I said."

"Your reply isn't very intelligible."

"It doesn't do for a fellow to tell everything he knows."

"You expect A. & B. to go up, I suppose?"

"That's a foolish remark. What am I buying for?"

"You're buying for a rise, naturally, but people buying with that idea are often disappointed."

"That's right. It is one of the chances we speculators have to take."

"We speculators' is good," laughed the clerk. "Does your boss know you're monkeying with the market?"

"Not to my knowledge, and I don't see any reason for putting him wise to the fact. He's got enough business of his own to occupy his attention without bothering about what I am doing, as long as I do my work up to the mark."

"Well, I wish you good luck."

"Thanks. The same to you," and Ches walked away.

In a day or two, during which A. & B. went to 75, Ches found that the Street was getting interested in this stock.

He heard brokers talking about it in the different offices he visited.

He also heard Mr. Ingoldsby speak about it to a customer as a stock that looked like a safe proposition.

Ches called Will's attention to it, but did not urge him to invest.

"Are you going to buy any of it?" asked his friend.

"I have bought some of it already."

"How many shares?"

"Nine hundred."

"What did you pay for it?"

"Seventy-two."

"It's now going at 75. That's \$2,700 you are ahead so far. Did you get a tip on it?"

"No. I'm just following it up on the chance that there's a boom ahead for it."

"What makes you think it is likely to boom?"

"Well, I heard that a stock, the name of which I didn't catch on to, is slated for a big rise, and I'm taking a risk on A. & B., hoping it may turn out to be the right one."

"And if it isn't?"

"I may make something out of it, anyway, for a boom in one stock usually affects the whole list favorably."

"Would you advise me to get in on this?"

"You must use your own judgment. I have given you the reasons that induced me to buy the stock. I don't want to be responsible for getting you into something that might not turn out to be a winner in the end, though it looks pretty good now."

"If I fetch down the money will you buy me 50 shares to-morrow?"

"If I get the chance I will."

"All right."

Next morning Will had his money with him.

He handed enough over to Ches to put up as margin on 50 at 75.

Ches, however, found that he couldn't get the stock under 76, and at that figure he bought it and reported the fact to Will.

Ches watched other well-known stocks besides A. & B., as he wasn't positive by any means that it was the stock which was going to be boomed by the syndicate.

When he went to the Exchange he found that the attention of the traders was directed more to A. & B. than anything else.

He also noticed that one particular broker was buying it right along whenever it was offered.

The price fluctuated at intervals, going up to 78 and then dropping down to 74, when a good deal of it was offered and takers became shy.

Gradually the shares grew scarce on the market, indicating that it was being held for higher prices.

Stories, inspired by the syndicate to whet the public's appetite for a good thing, began to appear in the financial

columns of the daily papers, and the usual result followed. All speculators came flocking to the Street to buy it.

The traders appeared on the floor with their pockets filled with buying orders from their customers, but there was not quarter enough stock to be got to fill the orders. The public had to go without it or consent to pay higher prices.

The lambs were so eager to get it that they were willing to pay more than the market, and so the stock mounted to over 80 in a short time.

Twenty-four hours after the public got interested in it the price had gone up to 85.

Ches was kept so busy by the rush of trade that he began to have some doubts as to the advisability of trying to hold on any longer.

"I think I'll leave my order to sell out on my way home," he said to Will, just before the Exchange closed.

"All right," replied Will. "I'm satisfied with \$12 a share profit."

"You ought to be. Six hundred dollars isn't picked up so easily every week."

"Bet your life it isn't. I'll be worth over \$1,100."

So that afternoon Ches dropped in at the little bank and ordered his and Will's shares sold at the opening price in the morning.

The shares went at 85 1-2, and when Ches got his check on the following morning he found himself \$12,000 richer.

CHAPTER X.

CHES LOSES HIS JOB.

Hattie had got into the habit of coming down early to have a little talk with Ches before it was time for her to get to work.

Ches had said nothing to her about his deal in A. & B., but now that he was out of it a winner he told her that he had made some more money out of the market.

"I'm glad to hear it, Ches," she replied.

"This is the third deal I've put through successfully. That \$500 I started with has developed into \$19,000."

"So much as that?" she said, in surprise.

"Yes."

"I don't see how you've been so lucky."

"The facts speak for themselves."

"I guess you've got more money now than any other messenger in the Street."

"Maybe so, but you can't tell. A good many of them are working the market the same way I'm doing. I saw several at the little bank waiting their turn to get to the margin clerk's window."

"I suppose you mean to keep on just the same."

"I certainly do."

"I hope you won't get caught in a bad deal and lose all you've won."

"No. That would be kind of tough."

The three clerks came into the counting-room in a bunch and Ches concluded he had better return to his post outside.

One of the clerks was mashed on Hattie and as he passed her desk he laid a ten-cent bunch of flowers in front of her typewriter.

The stenographer colored up a bit, and handing the flowers to Ches, told him to return them to the donor.

"Miss Smith requested me to hand these back to you," he said, walking up to the clerk, who was the dude of the office.

The other clerks gave the dude the laugh, and he got kind of angry.

He was jealous of the young messenger, for he could not but see that Hattie was on familiar terms with him, and seemed to like the boy a great deal.

He grabbed the flowers and went over to the stenographer's desk to find out why she wouldn't accept them.

"I bought these especially for you, Miss Smith," he said, in his most fetching way. "Won't you let me put them in a glass for you to stand on your desk?"

"I'd prefer you wouldn't do any such thing, Mr. Carter," replied the girl distantly. "I don't receive flowers from the gentlemen in the office."

"You take them from Chester Young," said the clerk, in a jealous tone.

Hattie made no reply to his remark, but busied herself getting her work in readiness to proceed with the business of the day.

The clerk, finding that she was not disposed to talk with him, returned to his desk in a disgruntled frame of mind.

He had an idea that Ches was responsible for Hattie's attitude toward him, as he could not see how any typewriter girl could resist his friendly advances.

Ches, in the meanwhile, had returned to the outside room and was talking to Will about the stock market.

That afternoon the dude clerk overheard Ches tell Will that he had got hold of another good thing and intended to work it for all it was worth.

Ches told his chum to bring down his money and they'd go in together, as usual.

"So," muttered the dude, "that young monkey is speculating in the market. That's against orders. I must let Mr. Ingoldsby know right away."

He went into the boss's private room and told him all he had heard.

Mr. Ingoldsby happened to be in a bad humor at the moment, for he had just lost a lump of money in a deal.

He rang for Ches at once.

"Look here, young man! Are you speculating in the stock market?" he asked, in a sharp voice.

"Who told you I was speculating, sir?" asked Ches.

"Answer my question," said the broker aggressively.

"Yes, sir; I have done something in that line."

"Well, cut it out, or I'll cut you out. You can go," replied Mr. Ingoldsby.

When Ches came out he told Will of the call-down he had received.

"Somebody in the office has found out what we are doing at the little bank and reported the matter to Mr. Ingoldsby. I wonder who it could be?"

"I'll bet it was Carter," said Will, referring to the dude clerk. "He was just inside talking to the boss. He's sore on you over Hattie."

"I believe you're right. I don't see how he learned that I was speculating. Only a pretty mean chap would give a fellow employee away."

"He'd do it to get square with you for having the inside track with Hattie. It would suit him pretty well if he could have you fired. He'd be glad to get you out of the way. Did you get orders not to speculate any more?"

"I did."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to do as I please. I've got next to another good thing, and I'm not going to lose the chance of making several thousand dollars on account of that dude. It will take me a whole year to make \$500 running my feet off carrying messages. I don't care whether I get bounced or not. I could rent desk room somewhere and make more than I make here, and be my own boss, besides."

Ches was hot under the collar at Carter, and he walked into the counting-room to give him a lay-out.

"Did you tell Mr. Ingoldsby that I was speculating in stocks?" he asked the dude, after walking up to his desk.

Carter saw that Ches was mad, and it tickled him.

"Don't bother me. I'm busy," he replied, with an exasperating grin.

"That's as much as an admission that you did tell him. You're a fine thing to call yourself a man," said Ches sarcastically, and loud enough for everybody in the counting-room to hear. "A tale-bearer and a knocker. You ought to be kicked around the block."

Carter lost his coolness under the sting of the young messenger's words.

"How dare you talk to me that way, you whip-snapper? Do you know who I am?" he roared furiously.

"Yes, I know who you are, and I was just telling you what you are, you imitation dude," retorted Ches.

"You're an impudent puppy, and I shall repeat your insults to Mr. Ingoldsby," fumed Carter, very red in the face, for he saw Hattie looking in his direction, and he knew she must have heard all Ches said.

"I would. I'd run in right away and do it. He's in his office now. You were a fine kid when you were young, I'll bet. You're only an overgrown kid now, anyway. I'll bet the typewriter girls around this neighborhood you have been trying to mash have got you down here. It would make your ears tingle to hear what they think of you. At any

rate, I know what one young lady thinks of you, and I'd hate to tell you."

The boy's last words made Carter furious.

He picked up his ink bottle and threw it full in Carter's face.

If the boy hadn't dodged it quicker than lightning he would have been seriously injured.

As it was, it struck him a glancing blow on the upper side of his head, opening his scalp nearly three inches and dazing him for a moment.

In its flight through the air the inkwell struck the cashier, who was coming around to see what the trouble was about, full in the chest, spattering him with black ink.

As Ches staggered back, a stream of blood flowing down his cheek, Hattie sprang to her feet with a scream and rushed to him.

Before she could reach him Ches had sprung like a tiger at Carter.

He smashed him rapid blows in the face, and they both went down upon the floor, where the boy proceeded to pound the dude clerk in a lusty way.

Carter, however, was not easily knocked out, and began to strike back.

The office was in an uproar.

The other two clerks rushed into Carter's alley and tried to separate the combatants, while Hattie stood looking on in great distress and excitement, and the cashier, after wiping the ink from his vest and shirt front, and finding them both spoiled, endeavored to interfere also.

The customers, including Will, rushed up to the brass railing which divided the counting-room from the reception-room and peered through at the rumpus.

The noise also reached Mr. Ingoldsby in his private office, and he came out in no pleasant humor to see what was the matter.

It didn't take him but a moment to understand that there was trouble in his counting-room, and he made his way there as quickly as he could.

To the outsiders it looked as if there was a small riot going on in there.

Will took the liberty of following his employer through the door.

He suspected that Ches and Carter were engaged in a scrap over the speculation business, and he hoped his chum would put it all over the dude clerk, for, in his opinion, the latter deserved to get all that was coming to him.

When Ches was finally dragged away from Carter, the whole side of his face was red from his blood, and the dude was also smeared with it, in addition to a pair of decorated optics that would be beautifully black on the morrow.

"What is the meaning of this disgraceful scene?" demanded the broker, his face as dark as a thunder-gust.

The cashier and the other clerks thought it best to let the combatants make their own explanation.

Carter, ruffled and demoralized, got in the first word.

He accused Ches of coming up to his desk and insulting him because he had reported him guilty of speculating in the market on his employer's time.

He said the boy was about to strike him and he had thrown the inkwell in self-defense.

Then Ches had jumped on him and pounded him with his fists.

The young messenger was about to defend himself when Mr. Ingoldsby turned upon him and said:

"Go into the wash-room and wash your face, and then get your wages from the cashier. You're discharged. I won't have you around here any more."

Then the broker turned on his heel and walked back to his office.

CHAPTER XI.

CHES HIRES AN OFFICE FOR HIMSELF.

Carter smiled triumphantly when he heard Mr. Ingoldsby discharge Ches without a hearing.

It was salve for his bunged face and blackened eyes, and he felt that his dignity as clerk had been sustained.

The cashier, who was not fully acquainted with the merits of the case, had nothing to say for the present, but he intended to make Carter pay for the damage he had inflicted on his shirt and vest.

The other two clerks, in common with Hattie, who had heard and seen the whole of the trouble, considered that Mr. Ingoldsby had treated his messenger unjustly, though they had to acknowledge that Ches had started the scrap by accusing Carter of telling on him to the broker.

Will, though he hadn't seen anything of the row to speak of, sided with Ches on general principles.

He followed his chum into the wash-room to help him clean himself.

"Say, the boss isn't treating you right to fire you without giving you a chance to explain your side of the question," he said.

"I can't help that," replied Ches. "He's got a grouch on this afternoon, anyway, and it's a wonder he didn't bounce Carter, too. I wish he had, for I hate to have that dude get the better of me. However, it can't be helped. I don't care a rap, anyway. I'll make more money in a month on the outside than I'd earn here in a year. He won't get another messenger to treat him any fairer than I did. I attended to his business from the ground floor up. It is precious little of his time I lost in going to the bank once or twice when I was out. The only thing I regret is leaving you and Hattie; but I'll manage to see you both, just the same."

"Maybe the boss will reconsider throwing you out," said Will, hopefully.

"He needn't do it on my account. I'm out for good, and I wouldn't come back if he asked me to," said Ches, resolutely, as he laved his face and finally bound up the cut in his head with his handkerchief.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll let you know later on. You'd better get back to your blackboard or you may get a call-down, too."

"It's nearly time to quit. It wants ten minutes of three."

"Well, the ten minutes belong to the boss, so you'd better go out, and give him the benefit of the time."

"Wait for me downstairs, will you?"

"I will," replied Ches, leaving the room and going over to Hattie's desk, where the girl sat doing her work with tears in her eyes. "Well, I'm bounced, Hattie," he said, with the ghost of a smile.

"It's a downright shame, Ches," said the girl, taking his hand sympathetically. "I mean to tell Mr. Ingoldsby that you were not half as much to blame as Mr. Carter was."

"Don't do it, Hattie."

"Yes, I will. The idea of that man throwing that inkwell at you the way he did. He might have killed you. Are you much hurt, you poor boy?"

She rose and felt of Chester's head in a tender way that showed him how deep her concern was for him.

"Don't worry, Hattie. It doesn't amount to anything," he answered, reassuringly.

"It bled dreadfully," she said, with a quiver of her lips. "I thought—I thought—you were——"

He could see that she was sobbing, and he bent over her.

"Don't cry, Hattie. I'm all right. I've got to leave the office, but I'm not going to lose you, just the same. I think as much of you as I do of my mother and sister," he went on, in a low tone. "You know I do, don't you?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

"And you think the same of me, don't you?"

"Yes. But I don't want you to go. I shall feel lost without you to talk to sometimes."

"Never mind. I'll call on you twice a week at your home, and I'll see you often down here, for I'm not going to leave Wall Street, though I don't intend to work for any other broker."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll let you know in a day or so. Maybe I'll be down early enough in the morning to see you before you go to work. Good-by till then."

She gave him her hand and looked at him with glistening eyes.

He turned away to say good-by to the two clerks with whom he was on friendly terms.

Both of them said it was a shame he had been unfairly discharged.

They said they were going to put the facts before the cashier and get him to put Mr. Ingoldsby in possession of the truth.

"It isn't worth while," replied Ches. "I wouldn't come back if he asked me to, after the way he treated me. I

have no wish to be in the same office with such a man as Carter, anyway."

"Going to look up another job, I suppose," said one of them.

"I'll let you know what I'm going to do through Will," said Ches.

Then he wished them good-by and walked over to the cashier's desk.

"You'd better come around in the morning, Chester," said the cashier. "I don't believe Mr. Ingoldsby will refuse to reinstate you when I have had a talk with him, as I mean to do presently. He didn't hear your side of the trouble, and you have a right to be heard in your own defense."

"Then he should have heard me at the time."

"He's out of humor this afternoon, and acted hastily. You'll find he'll send for you to come back."

"I don't expect to come back if he does. The woods are full of messengers looking for a job. Let him see if he can get one who will be more faithful to his duties than I was to mine."

"Well, here is your money, but I want you to come in and see me in the morning. I'm sure you'll be put to work again."

"Maybe I will, Mr. Forbes, and perhaps I won't. It will be just as I feel in the morning," replied Ches, putting the money in his pocket.

He had made up his mind not to come back under any circumstances, but he thought there was no occasion for him to tell the cashier his sentiments on the subject.

He and Will went home together, but he said little about what he intended doing.

"I don't intend to tell mother that I'm out of the office. It would only worry her," he said to his chum. "So don't let on when you come around to the house."

"All right," answered Will.

Of course Ches had to make some explanation to his mother to account for his wounded head, but he made very light of it, saying that he had received it in a little scrap he had had at the office with one of the clerks.

It didn't look bad anyway, as the corner druggist had fixed it up for him with a strip of court plaster after removing some of the hair.

Next morning he and Will went downtown at the usual time, and they waited at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street for Hattie and Daisy to come along.

Daisy had heard about the trouble which had culminated in Chester's discharge from Mr. Ingoldsby's office, and she tendered him her sympathy, and at the same time expressed her indignation at what she called his unfair treatment.

"Never mind, Miss Daisy, I'm not worrying over the loss of my position. I think I can get along as well without Mr. Ingoldsby as he can without me," said Ches, in his customary cheerful way.

"I'll bet Carter thinks now he'll be able to make love to you, Hattie, since Ches is out of the way," said Will, with a chuckle.

"I'll never even notice the man again," replied Hattie, indignantly.

"I hope you won't," said Ches. "He isn't half a man to go and knock me to Mr. Ingoldsby."

The young messenger left them at the entrance of the building and strolled off down Broad Street.

At half-past nine he went up to the little bank on Nassau Street to put through a deal in R. & S.

This was the transaction Carter had heard Ches and Will talking about in the wash-room, and which had induced him to report to Mr. Ingoldsby that his messenger was speculating during office hours.

The clerk had not mentioned Will's name, as he had nothing against the marker, and so the broker was not aware that the boy was also speculating through his chum.

Ches had got the tip from Miss Cobb, who received it from the broker who was smitten with her.

R. & S. was going at 65.

Ches ordered 2,000 shares bought for his account and 100 for Will.

Then he went up to the visitors' gallery of the Exchange to pass the time.

He stayed there an hour and then went around looking for a desk room in an office.

While engaged in this quest he ran across a man in the Pluto Building who wanted to rent a small room attached to his suite of three rooms.

It was on the third floor, and as the rent was reasonable Ches agreed to take it.

He paid the man three months' rent in advance as an evidence of good faith, and took possession of it, buying the desk, table, rug and other furniture just as it stood.

He then went out and arranged to have a stock ticker put in right away, and got a sign painter to inscribe his name on the glass panel of the corridor door.

His directions to the painter were simply to put "Chester Young" in the center of the glass, under the number of the room, which was 92.

One of these days he hoped to be a broker, but for the present he was nothing in particular, and his name was sufficient to direct his friends to his office.

He subscribed for a couple of Wall Street dailies, and a financial weekly.

He bought a limited amount of stationery, and a couple of small account books.

A handsome calendar and several water-color pictures were secured to ornament the walls.

He had everything in shape by three o'clock, even including the indicator, which was installed a few minutes before that hour.

Locking the office up, he started for the building where he had been lately employed in order to meet Will, as he had promised to do.

CHAPTER XII.

CHES CLEARS \$30,000 ON R. & S.

"Well, old man, what have you been doing with yourself all day?" asked Will, when they came together.

"I bought 100 shares of R. & S. for you to begin with, and 2,000 for myself."

"If we come out ahead, for every dollar I make you'll make twenty. I don't wonder that you're independent and prefer to be your own boss to coming to work for Mr. Ingoldsby again. Here's a note the cashier told me to hand you. It's a dictated letter from the boss telling you to come back and take your position again."

"He might have saved himself all that trouble, because no inducement that he is likely to make will get me to return to him after the way he bounced me."

"You mean that, do you?"

"Yes. And to prove it I'm going to take you down to my office."

"Your office?" ejaculated Will.

"Yes. I hired a room to-day, and I've got it all fitted up ready for my own accommodation."

"What kind of business are you going to carry on there? Something connected with Wall Street?"

"I'm going to use the room as my private headquarters, where my friends can call and see me when they feel like doing so."

"Where is your office?"

"In the Pluto Building, on the third floor, Room 92. Put that down for future reference."

In a few minutes they were in the elevator going up, and were landed at the third floor in about half a minute.

Ches then led the way to his office.

"You've got your name up like any of the tenants, haven't you?" said Will, when they paused before the door of Chester's den.

"Why not? I'm a tenant. I've paid my rent for three months in advance."

He unlocked the door and they walked in.

"Take a seat and make yourself at home."

Will did so, and Ches explained his present plan, which was to operate on the market whenever he saw a good chance of making a few dollars, or many dollars, as the case might be.

"I can now give my whole time and attention to the business, and if I succeeded so well before I certainly ought to do even better after this."

Will thought so, too.

"I hope you'll take me in on some of your deals so I can get ahead also, same as you have been doing."

"Sure, I will. Aren't you in with me on the R. & S. deal?"

They talked a while over Chester's prospects, and then they left the office and went home.

That evening Ches called on Hattie at her home.

He was warmly welcomed both by the stenographer and her mother.

Mrs. Smith was deeply grateful to the manly boy for saving her daughter from drowning at Shelter Island, and tried to show her appreciation of that service in every way she could.

Ches told Hattie right off that he had mailed a letter to Mr. Ingoldsby, in answer to the one she had typewritten at his dictation, declining to return again.

"I am sorry," replied the girl.

"You needn't be," he answered. "I expect to do much better on my own hook. I have an office in the Pluto Building, and I want you and Daisy Green to pay me a visit on Saturday when you get through at your offices. There is the number of the room and the floor it is on."

"You're not starting out as a broker, are you?" Hattie asked, in surprise.

"Oh, no. I want a place to stay when I'm not busy outside."

"What are you going to do to make money?"

"Operate on the market for myself, just like hundreds of others do who have desk room in the different offices in the neighborhood."

And you think you will be successful?"

"I have to take my chances like anybody else in the game. But with a capital of \$19,000 to back me I ought to do something."

Ches then told Hattie how he had gone into R. & S. that day to the tune of 2,000 shares on the strength of a tip received from Miss Cobb. "I put up \$13,000 as margin. If the stock goes up ten points I'll make \$20,000. I wouldn't make that as a messenger if I ran errands till my hair turned gray."

Ches spent a very pleasant evening with Hattie, and took occasion to tell her again how much he thought of her, and he got her to admit once more that she thought more of him than anybody in the world next to her mother.

Ches spent the greater part of next day hanging around the visitors' gallery of the Exchange watching the brokers on the floor below.

There was no movement to speak of in R. & S., and it closed at about the same price it had the previous day.

Next day it advanced a point, and on Saturday it went up half a point.

Will escorted Hattie and Daisy to Chester's office at a little after one that day.

The girls declared that he had a very cozy den all to himself.

Ches then invited all hands to lunch at his expense.

They accepted his invitation, and he took them to a very nice and reasonable-priced restaurant on Beaver Street.

This place was frequented by the better class clerks, and by many brokers who did not care to patronize Delmonico's.

The girls being good-looking and vivacious, attracted considerable attention, and many of the bachelor clerks rather envied the two boys as they chatted and laughed with their fair companions.

After the meal each boy took his particular divinity to her home and remained to supper with her, after which they met at a certain corner by appointment and took in a show.

On Monday things became interesting in connection with R. & S.

There was a mob of brokers after the stock, and as they couldn't get half enough of it the price went up five points, closing at 71 1-2.

Ches felt pretty good when he read that quotation off the tape.

He was practically \$12,000 to the good on that deal.

Next day the stock took a boom and the traders went wild over it.

The price went up by bounds to 80, and then Ches decided that it was time to cash in.

Accordingly he left his order at the little bank to close out his and Will's accounts at the market.

The bank's representative sold both lots for 80 1-4.

Chester's profits amounted to \$30,000, while Will made \$1,500.

"I'm now worth \$49,000," said Ches to Will that afternoon, when the latter came up to see him as usual.

"You'll be worth \$100,000 if you keep on," said Will. "How Mr. Ingoldsby would open his eyes if somebody told him you were worth all that money. As for Carter, he

would throw so many fits he'd have to be carried to a hospital."

"Neither of them is likely to hear anything about my financial standing," said Ches, "unless you tell them, which isn't likely, I guess."

"I should say not," answered Will.

"How do you like your new job as messenger?" asked Ches.

"First-class."

"What kind of chap took your place at the blackboard?"

"He's a little fellow, nice enough in his way."

"Carter didn't gain anything by getting me out of the office. Hattie told me that she will not even notice him any more, except where business makes it absolutely necessary for her to do so."

"The other clerks are not very friendly with him any more, and I don't believe the cashier thinks a whole lot of him, either. He killed himself with the office by throwing that inkwell at your head. If it had struck you square in the forehead you'd have gone to the hospital."

"Well, let's go home. When you come around to-morrow afternoon I'll have the bank's check ready for you to take up and cash."

"I tell you it feels good to be worth \$2,600," said Will, as he put on his hat.

"I dare say, but you'll feel better when you're worth \$5,000."

"Bet your boots I will," replied Will, as they walked out of the office.

CHAPTER XIII.

WILL NASH GETS A TIP AND SHARES IT WITH CHES.

Will appeared at Chester's office on the following afternoon eager to get his check and to collect his money.

"Are you going to carry that \$1,150 uptown in your jeans?" asked Ches, as he handed his chum the check he had received for Will from the little bank.

"Why not?"

"You might lose it."

"Don't you worry about me losing it."

"Your pocket might be picked."

"Who'd know I had such a wad in my trousers?"

"Oh, some of these crooks who infest public conveyances seem to be gifted with second sight. If I were you I wouldn't take any chances with the money."

"But I've got to take it home," protested Will. "What else should I do with it? I'm not going to present it to the bank."

"You've got \$500 in cash in your trunk at home, haven't you?"

"Sure, and I'm going to put this with it."

"Suppose a sneak thief got into your flat when your mother was out to the grocer's, or the butcher's, and went through your trunk, you'd be cleaned out. It's rank foolishness to keep so much money at home."

Ches's words caused Will to recognize that fact.

"Well, what would you do with it? What do you do with your money?"

"Ask the cashier of the bank to give you a certificate of deposit. If you should lose that, by theft or otherwise, you could stop payment at once. Nobody could cash it but you, anyway."

"Is that the way you do?"

"That's the way I have been doing, but I'm going to make a change after this."

"What kind of a change?"

"I've hired a box in the Washington Safe Deposit vaults, and I put my \$49,000 there to-day after I cashed my check."

"What's the matter with you putting my money in your box, too?"

"I'll do it if you want me to."

"I think you'd better. I'll bring down \$400 of the money in my trunk and you can put that with it."

"All right. Endorse your check. I'll collect it to-morrow and put it in an envelope with your name on it, and an endorsement that the sum of \$2,500 belongs to you. Then if I should drop dead you could claim it without any trouble."

"I guess you're not likely to drop dead."

"I hope not; but you never can tell what might happen."

You remember what a close call we both had to passing in our checks on Decoration Day; and you haven't forgotten, I guess, that that chandelier came within a hair of knocking you out on the following day. Accidents are liable to happen any time."

Will admitted the force of his friend's argument.

He sat at Ches's desk, endorsed his check and handed it to his chum.

"I'd like to have all my money at the house so I could look at it occasionally, and count it over," he said, regretfully; "but I see now that's taking too great a risk. I dare not leave it in my trunk after what you said. I'd be thinking all day at the office about thieves breaking in and looting the place."

Next morning Will brought the \$400 downtown with him and gave it to Ches, who later on collected the check and put the whole amount in his safe deposit box.

It might have been a week later that Ches noticed an advance in D. & G. sales.

This was a first-class stock that seldom sold under 80.

It was now ruling at 86.

Ches went to a big brokerage office and left an order for 4,000 shares on margin.

It took a large part of his capital to make good the ten per cent. security, but he put it up like a little major.

Three days later D. & G. went slightly above 90.

Ches immediately ordered his stock sold.

This was done at once, and he came out of the quick deal \$16,000 to the good, raising his capital to \$65,000.

He said nothing to Will about this transaction, but he told Hattie the next time he called on her at her house.

"I'm not so bad for a new operator," he told her. "I've only been out of the office three weeks, and I've made \$46,000 all told in the two deals I've put through. I guess I'll be able to pay your dressmaking and milliner's bills one of these days, Hattie, if you'll give me that privilege," he added, laughingly.

"Why, Ches, how you talk!" she exclaimed, blushing deeply.

"I'm only talking what I mean. Don't you think enough of me to marry me some time?"

"Now, Ches, do speak sensibly," she said, in evident confusion.

"That's what I'm trying to do. I don't see any use of beating around the bush, so I'll put it right up to you now. Will you marry me when I'm twenty-one, or won't you? Yes or no, dear?"

"Do you really mean that, Ches?" she asked, with an earnest look.

The sly puss knew as well as she knew anything that Ches wanted her.

"Yes, I mean it. What's your answer?"

"You saved my life, Ches," she replied softly. "If you think I can make you happy I will say 'Yes.'"

Ches grabbed her in his arms, and there was a sound like the popping of a cork, and when Hattie released herself she was blushing and happy.

The next deal that Ches got into was about three weeks later.

The papers were full of a sudden rise in Montana Copper, which had gone from \$16 to \$20 a share.

The outlook was that the stock would go much higher.

The Curb brokers and the general public went crazy over it, and Ches thought he would get in with the push and see how he would come out.

He bought 3,000 shares of Montana Copper outright, paying about \$60,000 cash for it.

In a week it was up to \$30 a share.

A few days later he sold out at \$42.50 a share, and made \$30,000 profit.

He was hardly out of it before the boom burst and the stock tumbled to \$15.

A whole lot of people got badly caught in the slump.

Many brokers who had invested heavily under the idea that Montana Copper was going to \$40 at least were so badly squeezed that they had to borrow money at high rates to save themselves.

Ches sat in his office and congratulated himself that he was so lucky as to get out at a profit that raised his financial status to \$100,000.

When he told Will that he had cleared a wad off Montana Copper, his chum wanted to know why he hadn't let him in on the same good thing.

"You'd have had to go in on margin, Will, and I didn't think you ought to take the risk with your little money. I bought the shares outright, which, after all, is the only safe way to do business in Wall Street. Even at that, I'll bet that lots of people who went into the boom got badly pinched."

One day soon after Ches met Will on the street with an envelope in his hand, returning to his office.

"I've got a tip, Ches," he said, with dancing eyes, "and it's a good one, too."

"Glad to hear it," replied the young operator.

"I'll be up to your office a little after three and I'll let you in on it."

"If there's anything in it I'll make it all right you you," said Ches.

"You can't pay me anything," replied Will. "I'm under too many obligations to you already. You get it for nothing."

"That's cheap enough," laughed Ches. "I'll look for you around quarter past three."

Ches was in his office at that hour, reading an afternoon paper, when Will walked in and helped himself to a chair.

"Are you ready to hear about my tip?" he asked.

"I'm always ready to hear about anything that has money in it."

"Most everybody is of your way of thinking," grinned Will, "though the minister of our church said last Sunday night that money was the curse of the world."

"If it is it's a necessary evil, for one can't get along without it."

"He meant a whole lot of money—a superabundance. He said that Providence to show her contempt for riches generally bestows it on the unworthy."

"That's tough on our multi-millionaires," chuckled Ches. "Still, the papers say some of them give a whole lot away in charity and one thing or another."

"That's right. They are not so bad as they are sometimes painted. If I were a big millionaire I'd build a square block of up-to-date tenement houses for poor people to live in at cheap rent."

"Maybe you would. What about this tip?"

"Well, I was up in the Mills Building to-day with a note to Harrington, the broker. You know him."

Ches nodded, for he had carried many a note to that trader's office.

"I was just going into his private office when he came out with a well-known broker named Ashley. They were talking and I heard Harrington say: 'All right, I'll begin to buy M. & N. to-morrow morning.' 'Take in all you can get hold of until further orders, and have it delivered C. O. D. at the Manhattan National.' Then Ashley walked away and I handed my note to Harrington. What do you think of it? A syndicate is going to corner M. & N., or I'm away off."

"Looks like it."

"M. & N. is going now at 60. I want you to take my money and get as many shares with it on margin as you can. You ought to be able to buy ten or fifteen thousand yourself on margin. I'll bet you'll clear over \$100,000. I wish I was in your shoes."

"I'll think it over between this and to-morrow, and by that time I will have decided what I will do."

The result of Ches's deliberations was that he bought 5,000 shares of M. & N., of one broker and 5,000 more of another next day.

He also purchased 400 shares for Will, which almost exhausted that lad's wad in his box.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHES MAKES OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION.

There was no marked movement in M. & N. for three days, though it advanced slowly to 63.

On Saturday morning, soon after the Exchange opened, the stock made a sharp advance to 67.

Then it took an equally sharp slump to 62.

At that price Ches bought 5,000 more shares.

There were other heavy purchases and the price recovered and went to 66, at which figure it closed at noon.

On Monday morning an idea occurred to Ches, and he ordered his brokers to sell the whole of his 15,000 shares.

The stock went at 66 and 65, and other brokers, taking alarm at the large sales, unloaded what they had bought on Saturday, with the result that a slump sent the price down to 62.

When Ches saw that it was recovering he ordered his brokers to buy in the 15,000 shares, again, and they succeeded in getting them at an average of 63.

By this bit of quick work the young operator bettered himself to the extent of something over \$50,000 in an hour.

After that the stock advanced again and finally reached 70 by the time the Exchange shut down for the day.

Will came to his office a little after three, but Ches did not tell him what he had done in the market that morning.

Shortly after the Exchange opened in the morning with M. & N. a point higher than the day previous the excitement rose to a fever point around the pole of that stock.

Broker Harrington was bidding for it at rising figures, and before eleven o'clock the stock was changing hands at 76.

Ches was in the gallery at the time, and he waited till it got up to 78, then he started for the offices of his brokers and ordered them to get rid of his and Will's shares in small lots.

Ches got 78 3/8 for his holdings, clearing a tidy over \$15 a share or a total of \$227,500, which made him worth now \$400,000.

Will made a profit of \$18 a share, which made him worth nearly \$400,000.

When Ches told him the result of their latest deal he uttered a whoop of joy.

Will then began to talk about the swell time he was going to have that winter with plenty of money in his pocket.

"To begin with, I'm going to fit the whole family out in new clothes, from father down to Dottie," he said. "Then I'm going to——"

A knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in," said Ches, wondering who his visitor was.

The door opened and a clerical-looking man walked in.

He glanced at the two boys and around the room and started to back out.

"Made a mistake?" asked Ches.

"I was looking for Mr. Young," said the visitor. "I see he is not in."

"I am Mr. Young," said Ches.

The man seemed confused for a moment, then he said:

"I saw your name on the door and thought I'd call and ask for a subscription for the heathen. The society which I have the honor to represent is making a collection among the charitable to secure a fund to buy red flannel shirts for the Hottentots of South America."

"I thought the Hottentots were in Africa," replied Ches.

"I said Africa, didn't I?"

"You said South America."

"Well, Africa is in South America, anyway."

"Not when I went to school; but maybe there's been a change in the map since then," chuckled the young operator, who was now certain his visitor was a fraud.

The visitor frowned as if he had an idea Ches was guying him, and then walked out.

"That fellow is a rank fake," said Will. "The idea of his saying that Africa was in South America. He must be pretty ignorant. Why, any schoolboy knows better than that."

"I guess he's an expert panhandler," said Will. "That is, if he's really making a haul of that heathen——"

Will was interrupted by a woman's shriek in the adjoining room.

"There's something wrong in that room," Ches said. "That visitor of ours went in there, and he may be up to something crooked."

Ches tried to look through the keyhole of the connecting door, but the key, which was in the lock, cut off the view.

"Well risk going in," said Ches. "I think that outcry of the girl justifies our intruding. At any rate, the gentleman who has those two rooms is the man I rent this office from. Come on."

Ches led the way out into the corridor.

Then he opened the door that communicated with the outer of the two offices.

There was no one there.

The door opening on the private room was closed, and Ches put his ear to the keyhole.

He heard a man's voice raised in a threatening tone, and then that of another who seemed to be protesting.

Ches decided to butt in.

Turning the knob, he threw open the door.

A startling scene presented itself to the two boys.

CHAPTER XV.

CHES FINDS A DANDY TIP.

Mr. Gardner, the tenant of the office, was seated at his desk with his stenographer beside him, her note-book open evidently for the purpose of taking dictation.

Close in front of the safe, which he was coolly rifling with one hand while he menaced Mr. Gardner and the girl with a revolver held in the other, stood the clerical-looking man who had visited Chester's office a short time before.

The sudden entrance of the boys altered the situation materially.

The crook glanced at them in a startled way, and recognized them as the boys he had seen next door.

He swung his revolver around and covered the boys alternately as he advanced toward the door, which they had left open.

"If you move I'll shot you," he said, in a fierce tone. "Get back against that wall!"

Ches's quick wit came to his aid.

"Grab him, Mr. Gardner!" he cried, making a motion as if the gentleman.

The crook, thinking he was about to be attacked in the rear, turned his head.

This was what Ches was aiming at.

He made a spring at the rascal and threw his arms about him, thus preventing him from using his weapon.

"Help me secure him, Will!" he cried, as he dexterously tripped the fellow up and they went down on the rug together.

Will got busy, and the first thing he did was to grab the revolver and wrest it from the crook's grasp.

That put the fellow entirely in their power.

Mr. Gardner sprang to his feet and rushed to help the boys.

"Give me the revolver," he said, "while you go and get a towel from the wash-room at the other end of the next room."

Will handed him the weapon and ran out after the towel.

When he returned with it Mr. Gardner tied the rascal's hands together, and that relieved Ches from the necessity of holding him any longer.

The gentleman then handed Ches the weapon while he went back to his desk, and, drawing his desk telephone to him, asked to be connected with the Old Slip police station.

He communicated the circumstances to the officer in charge of the station, and was told that two policemen would be sent to his office right away to take charge of the man.

In a short time the officers appeared and they replaced the towel with a pair of handcuffs, after which they marched their prisoner away, Mr. Gardner accompanying them to press the charge.

Next morning Ches and Will had to appear against the crook at the Police Court on Center Street, and the fellow was remanded for the action of the Grand Jury.

Ches had been so successful in his dealings on the market that he hardly looked for a set-back.

Being now worth \$400,000 he had some idea of starting out for himself as a regular broker, and trying to establish a business like the other traders in the Street.

On the first of April Ches, while crossing Broad Street, saw a dark brown wallet lying against the curb.

It contained about \$25 in bills, a lot of memoranda referring to stock transactions, and a letter addressed to "George Edgerly, President. Important."

The young operator opened the envelope and took out the enclosure.

It ran as follows:

"Dear George—Our company has just concluded negotiations for the purchase of the control of the D. R. & P. line, which will give us entrance to the coal mines and a complete monopoly of the coal traffic. We have been after this advantage for years, and would have secured the road before but for its president, who was also the controlling

power of the Black Diamond mining district. His recent death removed the only obstacle to the acquirement of his stock, which his heirs decided to close out at the good price offered them. Now here is a chance for us both to make a good thing. You have the money and I have the tip. There will be hardly any chance of picking up D. R. & P. stock in the open market, as it has long since been bought up in anticipation of this event, but I can put you on to a block of it that you must get hold of at once. It is held by an old man named Wm. Faber, who lives at No. — Kay Street, Jamaica, Long Island. The company has been after this block recently, but as I altered his address on the stock book, as soon as I found that the deal with the heirs was sure to go through, the agent employed to look him up has failed to locate him. Call on him right away and buy this stock, even at ten points above the market. D. R. & P. is now ruling at 80, and will go to 110 inside of the month. He has 10,000 shares, worth \$800,000. Of course you haven't the funds to buy it outright. But you can get an option on it for thirty days at probably five per cent. deposit, if you work the matter cleverly. Long before the option expires the stock will be worth over a million, and you and I will divide the profits. Attend to this at once. It won't take you more than a few hours to raise the money you need on your securities, and the result will be a fortune for us both,

Yours truly,

"WILL."

"By George!" cried Ches, "this is a dandy tip. I should like to get hold of that block of stock myself. Since it is impossible for me to locate Mr. Edgerly and give him back his wallet, I see no reason why I shouldn't try and take advantage of this information. I'll start for Jamaica right away and see this Mr. Faber, and if I can make a deal with him I will do it."

CHAPTER XVI.

A BIG RISK, OR THE GAME THAT WON.

Ches reached for his hat and umbrella.

The first thing he did after reaching the street was to go to his safe deposit box and take out \$50,000 in big bills.

Then he walked up Nassau Street and took a car across the bridge for the Long Island Railroad depot.

He was so fortunate as to catch a train that stopped at Jamaica, and was soon speeding toward his destination.

On reaching the town of Jamaica he asked to be directed to Kay Street.

The street was not far from the depot, and Ches found it without any trouble.

The number of Mr. Faber's house, which was a substantial, old-fashioned residence set in the midst of a good-sized lawn, was on the iron gate.

Ches walked up to the front door and rang the bell.

A trim-looking domestic answered his ring and he inquired for Mr. Faber.

He was shown into a comfortable sitting-room, and presently a white haired old gentleman made his appearance.

Ches introduced himself and got right down to business.

He said he understood that Mr. Faber owned a block of D. R. & P. shares.

"I do," replied the old gentleman.

"Will you accept an offer for them?" asked the young operator.

"Whom do you represent?" asked Mr. Faber.

"I represent myself, sir."

The old gentleman looked his surprise.

"But, young man, this block represents 10,000 shares, the market value of which is \$800,000."

"I understand that, sir. But, if you are willing to sell me a thirty-day option on the stock, I will put up a five per cent. forfeit of its market value as a guarantee that I will take the shares within that time. If I should for any reason fail to do so, you would be ahead the amount of the deposit."

"How much money did you bring with you to put up in case you came to an arrangement with me?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"I'll give you a ten-day option on my stock at 80, if you wish to deposit the \$50,000 as a forfeit."

"Won't you make it fifteen days? Even at that I'm running great chances."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. If you're unable to close the

deal at the end of ten days, I'll extend it another ten on payment of another \$50,000."

"I agree to that if the \$100,000 deposit is to be considered as part payment for the stock if I close the deal within the twenty days," said Ches.

Mr. Faber consented to this proposition.

A paper embodying the terms of the agreement was drawn up and signed by the old gentlemen, and Ches paid him the \$50,000 he had brought with him.

That concluded their business, and the young operator returned to New York.

When he came to consider the matter calmly he recognized the fact that he had taken a great risk on the strength of the document he had found in the water-soaked pocket-book.

During the next three days Ches made inquiries relative to D. R. & P.

He easily found out that the big railroad the letter referred to as having absorbed it was the P. & R. system.

George Edgerly was in a stew over his lost wallet.

He advertised for its return, and pending results from his advertisement he called on his friend "Will," told him of the loss, and asked for Mr. Faber's address again.

He got it and was urged to lose no time in calling on Mr. Faber and concluding the contemplated deal.

He did so at once.

The ten days passed away and D. R. & P. not only gave no sign of advancing in value, but actually went down five points to 75.

During the next five days they forced it down to 70, which was an unusually low figure for the stock.

At the end of the fifth day, with D. R. & P. down to 70, Ches began to get very nervous as to the outcome of the deal.

He found he was powerless to save himself unless something turned up.

The 10,000 shares he had agreed to pay 80 for were now worth \$100,000 less than that figure, and it was impossible for him to get rid of the option at a price that would prevent him from losing every dollar he had up.

Finally he decided on sending the letter he had found to the editor of the "Wall Street News," hoping it might be published and lead to something.

It was published with very pertinent comments, and created a sensation in the Street.

A rush was made by brokers to buy D. R. & P., but there was none to be had.

Inside of an hour the price of the stock jumped from 70 to 82, and Cohen, with other bears, who had sold short, found themselves in a bad hole.

They made frantic efforts to get the stock to make good their engagements, but were unable to find it.

Their predicament became known and every broker almost in the Street heard of the facts.

The result of it all was that the hands of the P. & R. people were forced, and they gave out the news of the deal which had been completed between that road and the D. R. & P.

Next day the stock of the latter road went up kiting to 110.

Cohen and the other big shorts were ruined inside of twenty-four hours, and all had to make assignments.

Ches fell over himself with delight at the sudden change in the situation.

On the first of May he furnished up his suite of offices and hung out his shingle as a regular broker, much to his own and Hattie's satisfaction.

He didn't do any business to speak of for some time, but by judicious advertising and making himself known, he in time began to reach results.

At any rate, when he reached his twenty-first year, and married Hattie, he was on the high road to success, with Will Nash as one of his trusted clerks.

At this writing he is one of the shining lights of Wall Street, and easily worth a couple of millions, but he often refers to the big risk he ran in D. R. & P. and the game that won.

Next week's issue will contain "ON PIRATE'S ISLE; OR, THE TREASURE OF THE SEVEN CRATERS."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE

CURRENT NEWS

The number of Japanese slain in the war between Russia and Japan was seventy-two thousand, four hundred and fifty, of whom forty-eight thousand, one hundred and eighty were killed outright in battle, ten thousand, nine hundred and seventy died of wounds and fifteen thousand, three hundred died of disease.

John Haug, a man of mystery in Greenwich, Conn., and a figure of interest to the members of the summer colony for many years, was burned to death when his bungalow at the edge of the town was destroyed by fire. Haug always seemed to have enough money on which to subsist, although he never did any work except just what was necessary to keep his home in order.

A Tacoma merchant went into his warehouse early one morning, and hearing a peculiar sound in one corner, investigated it, and found that a clam had caught a rat. The rodent had invaded a box of clams, and in an attempt to pull one out of its shell with his forefoot, had been made a prisoner by the clam shutting down on the foot. The firmly-attached pair were exhibited in the merchant's show window for a short time, and then the rat was drowned.

A disease of cattle prevalent in Utah is known popularly as "oak poisoning" or "summer sickness," and has been ascribed to scrub oak, which grows in great abundance over certain parts of the ranges. Other regions of the West and Southwest report heavy losses of cattle from oak poisoning. The Bureau of Animal Industry, after a careful and thorough investigation, has undertaken elaborate feeding experiments to determine how much truth there is in the idea that oaks are poisonous to cattle.

Speaking recently at Edinburgh, Scotland, on aircraft policy, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu said that when peace came the British air service must be the last to be reduced. A naval invasion might not come; but by means of 100 airships it might come on a scale infinitely greater, which it would need all the British aircraft forces to repel. Of 2,000 miles of coastline, at least 1,000 would have to be defended by aircraft. If in the country a permanent force of 20,000 aeroplanes existed, the cost would not be more than \$75,000,000.

According to the figures compiled at Ellis Island, the total inward movement of oversea passengers at the Port of New York for 1916 was 259,367, as compared with 216,274 passengers brought in 1915 and 735,741 passengers in 1914. The increase during

1916 as compared with 1915 is found mainly in steerage passengers, the gain being from 95,467 to 137,126. At the same time there was an increase from 59,797 to 66,741 in the number of first cabin passengers and a decline in the number of second cabin passengers from 61,010 to 54,500.

"Saved by a necktie" would be an appropriate title for a tale told by William H. Nichols of Glasgow, who arrived here on the Anchor liner Saxonia. He was on board the small Greek steamship Lycurgus, which was sunk in the Mediterranean. After swimming about half an hour, Nichols said, he came across a Frenchman clinging to a spar. Nichols was so exhausted that he could not hold on to the stick and the Frenchman tore off his necktie and tied Nichols' right arm to the timber. They were rescued by an Italian destroyer.

Another big gas well has been struck in Versailles Township, Pa., where, two weeks ago, an immense well of the Speigle farm excited the country. The latest well was brought in the other day on the Bert D. McClure Farm, on Lincoln Way, half a mile from Bryn Mawr and two miles from the Speigle well. The roar of the gas can be heard a mile away, farmers and others residing in the vicinity declare. It has been impossible to take pressure tests, but it is said that the well is yielding from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 feet a day.

The gold fever persists at Oneida, Kansas. Mrs. G.W. Potts found a gold nugget weighing 21½ grains in the craw of a duck which she was dressing. Frank Wikoff also found a nugget in the craw of a duck which he had purchased at the Oneida cream station. Several other big nuggets have been found. These finds have convinced many of the people that the old story of a miner who was carrying \$50,000 worth of gold dust and who lost his life in the creek near here is after all true and that there is a great quantity of gold to be found somewhere in this vicinity.

Brig. Gen. Samuel I. Johnson, commanding the National Guard of Hawaii, is credited with making the highest score on record in the United States in rifle shooting. General Johnson, shooting over the "expert course" at the National Guard target range, near Honolulu, made a score of 286 out of a possible 300 points. That was three points better than the previous record high mark of 283, made recently by Serg. James H. Burns, of Company A, 25th U. S. Infantry. In practice shooting General Johnson several times exceeded 290, but those scores were not accepted as official.

GOOD AS WHEAT

OR

THE BOY WHO WAS ALL RIGHT

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY.)

CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

After fifteen minutes had passed, however, and all was quiet, he rose and crept cautiously to the entrance of the cavern.

He looked cautiously out.

No Indians were in sight.

But they might be concealed in the vicinity.

It would be dangerous to emerge from the cavern, but Bob realized that he must take the chances.

He decided to wait a while longer, however, and he did so.

He waited a good half hour, and then, feeling fairly sure that the Indians had departed, he walked out into the open air.

He looked all around him.

The coast seemed to be clear.

"The only thing for me to do now is to get back to the encampment as quickly as possible," was his thought.

He set out across the plateau.

He had almost reached the edge of the timber when he happened to look back, and saw the road agents coming toward him on the run.

They had undoubtedly shaken the Indians off their trail, and had come back, probably in the hope that they would find Bob still in the cavern.

"Well, it's up to me to show the scoundrels a clean pair of heels," thought Bob.

He darted in among the trees, and ran forward as fast as he could.

The road agents did not make any outcry. They were probably afraid that if they did so the redskins would hear them and come back.

Bob knew they were coming in pursuit as fast as they could, however.

Had the youth's arms been free, he would not have feared being overtaken; but his arms were tied together behind his back, and this handicapped him considerably.

He made good headway, however, and he hoped to be able to make his escape, even under these circumstances.

When he reached the farther edge of the timber, he darted down the mountain-side at reckless speed.

A misstep would be bad for him, for it would send him rolling hundreds of feet downward, and perhaps he would go over a precipice to his death.

But he had no time to think of this. He must keep on going, and trust to good luck to pull him through.

Presently the road agents came out of the edge of the timber, and started down the mountain-side in pursuit.

Bob did not dare look back; he had to keep his eyes in front.

On he went, down and still down.

Suddenly he heard a wild yell from one of the road agents, and selecting a point where he could secure a good footing, he paused an instant and looked back.

One of the road agents had fallen and was rolling over and over straight toward the edge of the precipice.

The others had stopped, and so Bob stood there, held spellbound, as it were, until with one last despairing cry the doomed man shot over the rocks to his death!

"One less to contend with, anyhow!" murmured Bob, grimly.

Then he started again, and the dangerous race was on once more.

He did not go quite so fast this time, and when he reached another point where he could get a good footing he paused and glanced back.

The road agents were still coming.

They had not gained on him, however. He was still holding his own, notwithstanding the handicap of the bound arms.

"I'll get away from them yet!" thought Bob.

Presently he heard another yell, and pausing, he glanced back, just in time to see another of the road agents go over a precipice to undoubted death.

"Two less to contend with!" murmured Bob, and again he started down the mountain-side.

At the next point where it was safe to do so, he paused and glanced back.

To his great joy the road agents had given up the pursuit.

"I guess they don't like the idea of losing their men in that fashion," thought Bob. "Well, I don't blame them; but what I can't understand is, how I have escaped, with my hands bound, while two of the mhave gone down to death."

He seized the next opportunity that presented it-

self for a glance back, and saw that the road agents were standing where they had been when he looked before.

"Yes, they've given up for good," he murmured.

Bob now quickened his speed to a pace that made his descent comparatively safe.

Half an hour later he reached the end of the gulch, and made his way down this on the run. He was not afraid of falling now.

He reached the encampment presently, panting like a porpoise as a result of his exertions.

Sam leaped up in amazement, and with a look of consternation on his face.

"Why—what—where did you come from?" he stammered. And then he noticed that Bob's hands were tied together behind his back, and went on, excitedly:

"What does it mean? Who tied your hands?"

"A party of desperados, Sam."

"You don't say!"

"Yes; cut the rope, and I'll tell you all about it."

Sam obeyed, and then Bob sat down and told his comrade the whole story.

To say that Sam was amazed is putting it mildly.

"Geez ginger!" he gasped, when he had heard all. "Say, you did have a time of it, sure enough, didn't you?"

"I must admit that I did, old fellow."

"And those road agent scoundrels, are they not likely to come here and make an attack on us?"

"I hardly think so. But we'll keep a sharp lookout and be ready for them if they should come."

"And the Indians—what about them?"

"Well, we'll have to look out for them, too, I guess."

"Say, Bob, I'm afraid that we are in a dangerous locality."

Bob nodded.

"I guess there isn't any doubt regarding that, Sam."

"But we'll stay?"

"Yes! I'm going to find that gold mine or know the reason why."

"Well, I'm with you, though I can almost feel the scalping-knife of an Apache, old fellow."

"Of course, there's danger," said Bob, "but if we exercise caution, I think that we will get through all right."

"I hope so."

CHAPTER XIV.

BOB TURNS DOWN A PROPOSITION.

Bob decided to remain in camp till Billock and Boggett returned.

"I don't want to run up against those road agents or the Indians again," he declared.

"And I don't care about staying here alone, Bob."

"We will keep a sharp lookout, Sam, for either the road agents or the redskins might come here."

"That's so."

They kept their eyes open, but no enemies put in an appearance.

Billock and Boggett did not get back till late in the evening, and they were tired and somewhat disappointed—for their search had been fruitless—but not discouraged.

"We'll keep huntin'," declared Billock.

"Yaas, ef ther lake an' islan' air in this part uv ther country, we wull fin' 'em sooner er later," said Boggett.

While they were eating supper Bob told the story of his adventures with the road agents and Indians.

The two listened with interest.

"So ther scoun'rels air at work, hey?" remarked Billock.

"Yes, they had me, but thanks to the redskins, I succeeded in getting away."

"Waal, ther reds would hev lifted yer skulp ef ther could hev got bolt uv ye," said Boggett.

"We'll have to be on our guard," said Bob, "or we will get killed, sure."

"They won't ketch us nappin'," said Billock.

They took turns standing guard that night, and were not disturbed.

Next morning Billock said to Bob:

"Ye two boys hed better stay in ther camp. Bill an' me'll do ther huntin' fur ther lake; we know ther kentry better'n ye do, an' air more uster to sech work."

As it was of the utmost importance that they should not lose their horses and provisions, Bob agreed to this. Otherwise he would have insisted on going out again as he had the day before.

The two men set out, and were soon out of sight.

All was quiet at the camp till noon, and then suddenly, as they were eating their dinner, Sam cried:

"Look yonder!"

Bob whirled and looked in the direction Sam was looking, and saw five men approaching. They were more than a quarter of a mile away as yet.

"The road agents!" cried Bob. "Quick, Sam! Get behind a tree!"

The boys seized their Winchesters and leaped behind trees.

Bob lifted up his voice and called out, sternly:

"Stop where you are! Don't come any nearer!"

The ruffians stopped.

"Say," called out the leader, "we are coming as friends. We have no intention of trying to injure you."

"We have only your word for that," retorted Bob, "and we don't trust you for a cent."

"That's right, Bob," said Sam. "Don't let 'em come any closer."

"We want to talk to you. Let us come into your camp."

"No! Stay where you are!"

"I'll leave my men here and come forward alone. How will that do? I have a proposition to make to you."

(To be continued.)

FACTS WORTH READING

WOLVES NEAR ROCHESTER.

James Cook, while driving home from the Locke insulator factory at Victor, N. Y., the other night, was attacked by two large wolves. The animals sprang for the horses' heads, but were beaten off. Cook drove back to the village.

These are the first wolves seen in this part of Ontario County, although they have been reported in other sections. A pack of wolves was seen last Sunday morning on the Ryan farm, near Mertensia. An alarm was given, and twenty hunters set out to kill them, but the snow covered the tracks of the animals and the chase was abandoned.

\$51,396,593 FOR FORTS.

The Fortifications Bill, reported to the House by Representative Sherley, calls for the appropriation of \$51,396,593 for 1918, and in addition authorizes contracts aggregating \$9,459,000, the total of direct appropriations being \$22,849,043 greater than that authorized at the last session of Congress.

For the first time the bill carries items of \$3,600,000 for the purchase and maintenance of squadrons of hydro-aeroplanes. It asks for \$7,310,000 to purchase field artillery ammunition and \$10,940,000 for ammunition of sea coast guns. An item of \$1,700,000 for "movable railway armament" is included, presumably to build armored cars that can be transported to any part of the coast threatened by attack.

LARGEST AMERICAN CATS.

The jaguar or "el tigre," as it is generally known throughout Spanish America, is the largest and handsomest of American cats. Its size and deep yellow color, profusely marked with black spots and rosettes, give it a close resemblance to the African leopard. It is, however, a heavier and more powerful animal. In parts of the dense tropical forest of South America coal-black jaguars occur, and while representing merely a color phase, they are supposed to be much fiercer than the ordinary animal. Although so large and powerful, the jaguar has none of the truculent ferocity of the African leopard. During the years I spent in its country, mainly in the open, writes E. W. Nelson in the National Geographic Magazine, I made a careful inquiry without hearing of a single case where one had attacked human beings.

In one locality on the Pacific Coast of Guerrero I found that the hardier natives had an interesting method of hunting the "Tigre" during the mating period. At such times the male has the habit of leaving its lair near the head of a small canyon in the foothills early in the evening and following down the canyon for some distance, at intervals ut-

tering a subdued roar. On moonlight nights at this time the hunter places an expert native with a short wooden trumpet near the mouth of the canyon to imitate the "tigre's" call as soon as it is heard and to repeat the cry at proper intervals. After placing the caller, the hunter ascends the canyon several hundred yards, and, gun in hand, awaits the approach of the animal. The natives have many amusing tales of the sudden exit of untried hunters when the approaching animal unexpectedly uttered its roar at close quarters.

DECAYED CITIES OF THE EAST.

On the east bank of the Tigris, some twenty miles below Bagdad, stands the remains of Ctesiphon, the scene of a recent battle in Mesopotamia. In ancient times it was one of the greatest of the now dead and buried cities of Chaldea that once flourished along the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

There is now practically only a large village on the site, but in olden days Ctesiphon was renowned for its splendor, and there the Parthian kings had their magnificent winter residence. Of its past glories some great relics remain, notably the gigantic vaulted hall of the "Throne of Khorsu, sometimes known as Solomon's Porch," though it has nothing to do with Solomon. Near it is the tomb of Mahomet's barber, Sulciman.

During the wars between the Roman and Persian empires, Ctesiphon was a prize well worth contending for, and many a combat was waged for the possession of what, though now only a solitary mound of ruins rising out of the Mesopotamian desert, was once a thriving city. The city's decay dates from the Seventh Century, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, when it was plundered by the Arabs, its fall from glory corresponding with the rise to fame of Bagdad and Basra. Its irrigation system, which was the source of its wealth and prosperity, was allowed to fall in ruin, and when the water left, life practically went out of the city. It has always been so in Mesopotamia.

On the other side of the Tigris from Ctesiphon are the extensive ruins of another great city of the past—Seleucia, where the Greeks once held sway over half a million inhabitants. Seleucia was built to drain the life from Babylon, forty miles distant on the Euphrates, and succeeded. In the days of Pliny it was reckoned the most populous and wealthy city of Western Asia, and was for long a stronghold of Greek and Macedonian culture as opposed to that of the Parthians on the other side of the river. It was burnt by the Roman Emperor Trajan, and now scarcely a trace of it remains above the desert.

ON TOP

OR

THE BOY WHO GOT THERE

By ED KING

(A SERIAL STORY.)

CHAPTER XX.

SINKING THE SHAFT.

Only bad aim saved Tiff. But the next moment Jack Hope had seized Lowe's arm and wrenched the weapon away from him.

Now the remainder of Lowe's party came rushing up. They had pulled their guns, but Jack Hope had drawn both of his and yelled:

"The fust one of you yeller dogs to open fire will die like a coyote."

Hope had the reputation in the mines of being a dead shot. The surveyors knew him and came to a halt.

Colonel Pulsifer and Mr. Clark had also drawn their pistols.

Glaring at each other, the rival claimants stood for a moment. The least move on either side might have precipitated a tragedy.

It was Colonel Pulsifer who first spoke.

"Lowe," he said, sternly, "you played a dirty game on me and swindled me out of my fortune. But you are not going to play it on this boy. His claim is just, and you shall not rob him of it. Now you and your gang get out, or I'll be one of the first to help rid the earth of a scoundrel."

"Dan Pulsifer," gritted Lowe, "I'll see you skinned for this. You've no business to meddle here. That kid can't hold this claim, and I'll show you. Before I'm through with you it'll be a sorry thing for you all."

"One!" exclaimed Jack Hope, glancing over the sights of his pistol. "If you're not on ther move when I say three I'll put a hole in your ear!"

There was an ominous ring in the miner's voice, and it was well known that he was always in earnest. Fiske, who had got upon his feet, did not seem disposed to renew his attack upon Tiff.

Snarling savagely like a wild beast, Lowe called to his men, and they drew off, taking their instruments with them. When they had gone from sight, Jack Hope exclaimed:

"Waal, I'm blowed! I'm sorry I didn't put a hole in that old skunk's ear just for a keepsake."

At this all laughed.

"Well," said Mr. Clark, "we have driven them away, in any event."

"The next thing is to keep them away," declared Colonel Pulsifer. "We are certainly going to have lots of trouble with them."

"Do you think that young man is really a relative of Moses Fiske?" asked Mr. Clark.

"No more than I am," replied the colonel. "His name may be Fiske, and it's a sunning trick of Lowe's to euchre Tiff out of his land."

"Well, he'll never do it," cried Tiff. "I'll die defending my own."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Jack Hope. "Nuthin' ever did me so much good as to see that young fool turn a somersault when Tiff hit him. I say, boy, he got what he deserved."

"I could not restrain myself," said Tiff. "He struck me first."

"Ye did jest right, only I'd like ter seen ye close up thet other eye of his."

But Mr. Clark and Pulsifer now held an earnest consultation. Tiff listened, while Jack Hope kept an eye out for the possible reappearance of the interlopers.

"There's just one thing we can do," said Colonel Pulsifer, finally. "We must hold our position here at any cost. We have the title to the land, and we must keep possession. We must not leave the claim unguarded. No time must be lost in beginning the work of mining."

"That is right," agreed Mr. Clark. "Suppose we put up a tent and make our quarters here at once?"

"A good plan," rejoined the colonel. "We can build a cabin later."

"I own a tent," said Jack Hope, eagerly. "I'll get a couple of duffers to help me bring it over."

So an hour later a tent was pitched on Tiff's claim, and the promoters of the New West Mining Company took up their quarters in it. Nothing more was seen of the Old Sledge people that day.

Colonel Pulsifer employed a mining engineer and expert the next day to examine the locality, with a view to selecting the best place to sink a shaft.

The man, whose name was Scott, was much interested in the project. He selected a spot some little distance from the tent and about the middle of the claim.

"This is your vein," he said, with conviction. "Drive your shaft two hundred feet and you will strike it. I have no doubt it will be a rich one."

Colonel Pulsifer was curious.

"How do you arrive at that conclusion?" he asked. "How can you tell what is under the earth?"

"By observing what is above it," replied Scott. "The trend of the ledge, the character and depth of the soil, the pressure of a watershed. There are many other signs. But in this case I have an infallible guide."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Clark.

Scott looked at Mr. Clark in an inscrutable way.

"I hesitate to answer that question," he said. "I have been in the pay of another company. I ought not to betray their secrets."

"Very well," said Clark. "I cannot press you. But we are curious."

"Yes, I know," said Scott, hesitatingly. "I don't know, though, why I should not speak. In fact, I will tell you. Of course, you are aware that the Old Sledge Company would like to acquire this claim."

"Yes."

The engineer looked furtively about.

"There is every reason why they should have it. They have sunk a very deep shaft. They have found several veins of great promise. But all of these veins are found to extend into a drift of quartz, at this moment under our very feet. There is every reason to believe that heavy deposits of gold are in that drift. Now, the Old Sledge Company must have this land or fail. Perhaps you would sell to them."

The engineer's statement made all plain. It was easy to see why Caleb Lowe and his colleagues were so eager to acquire the Moses Fiske claim.

All the gold was under this claim. Was this fact known to the old cripple before he died? It seemed as if he must in some way have become possessed of the knowledge.

"Your statement is of much interest to us, Scott," said Colonel Pulsifer. "We have no desire to sell. We propose to conduct mining operations ourselves. We shall advertise for miners and at once begin work on the shaft."

The engineer nodded and said:

"I wish you the best of luck."

That afternoon placards were posted in the town offering good pay to expert miners. Before dark Colonel Pulsifer had enrolled half a score.

In the meantime Tiff and Mr. Clark had secured the necessary machinery. The next day work was begun in earnest.

Tiff and the engineer, Scott, were foremost in directing the work. As by magic the great derricks were raised and the steam drills put to work.

The great well increased in depth rapidly, as tons of the solid rock were hewn out and lifted by the derricks to a safe distance. Traces of gold showed all through the ledge.

But not in paying quantities until the shaft had gone down fifty feet. Then a thrilling report came up.

"There is a heavy vein of ore visible," said Scott. "It is the richest mine I've examined in Montana."

CHAPTER XXI.

A LODGE IN THE WOODS.

It is hardly necessary to say that the members of the New West Mining Company were in high spirits. Tiff was so overjoyed that he could hardly speak.

"Tug," he said to his young partner, "we will surely be on top yet. We shall all be rich. Only think of it! We shall all be millionaires!"

"Hooray!" cried Tug, who was not as yet able to fully realize this. "We are in clover!"

Those were happy evenings spent in the little tent beside the mine shaft. Tiff and his father were happy in each other's company. Colonel Pulsifer was elated with the possibility of recovering his lost fortune and yet vanquishing his foes.

"We've got it, boys!" he declared. "We are all right. We shall be money kings. I shall square myself with Lowe and his gang, which is the summit of my ambition."

Like wildfire the report spread through the mining region that gold had been found in rich deposits under the Fiske claim. At once there was a rush to acquire land for miles about.

The insane hope that the paying vein of ore might extend to the claims of others was strong. The price of claims went up like a kite.

Rapidly the New West Mining Company developed their plant. A stamp mill was erected, and the extracting of the gold was begun.

All this took some time, and several weeks passed. The development of the new mine had its effect upon Wild Creek.

Miners and prospectors had flocked to the place by hundreds. New lines of stages were started, and there was even talk of a railroad.

It is hardly necessary to say that Tiff was happy. The future looked golden to him. With the business experience of his father and Colonel Pulsifer to aid him, he was rapidly becoming a man of affairs.

And the boy, who had been so contemptuously scorned in his native town on account of the charge against his father, was rapidly becoming a millionaire.

All this while nothing was seen or heard of the Old Sledge people. Their shaft was abandoned, and Lowe and his colleagues seemed to have taken their leave.

"I guess they found it unprofitable and Lowe finds that my title is too good," remarked Tiff.

But Colonel Pulsifer shook his head.

"Don't you believe it," he said. "We have not done with them yet. I know Caleb Lowe too well. We will certainly hear from him again."

It was at this stage that Julius Clark again began to grow wan and haggard from mental worry.

(To be continued.)

TIMELY TOPICS

BASEBALL GAMES AT 2 CENTS EACH.

Patrons of the South Bend Central League club will be enabled to witness baseball games during the 1917 season at a cost of three cents each, under plans announced by the Chamber of Commerce of South Bend, Ind.

The plans propose the sale of 10,000 season books, good for fifty games, at \$1.50 each. The \$15,000 so derived would pay the expenses of the team and the grand stand income would take care of the percentages to be paid visiting clubs at a rate of 12½ cents for each person entering the gate.

KILLS WOLF AND IS HERO.

Abe Tellier of Newark, N. Y., is considered a hero by the women of the village because he shot a big timber wolf the other afternoon near there. The animal was five feet over all and was in good condition, as it had evidently been preying on poultry in the neighborhood. It was one of a pack of five seen frequently during the past two days. Tellier was one of a party of twenty hunters who followed the tracks of the pack.

At Phelps a pack of wolves were seen and followed by hunters until their trail was obliterated by the snow. A pack of gray wolves were seen yesterday in Seneca County, near Seneca Falls, and another near Groveland station in Livingston County. Much stock has been killed by the animals and all district schools have been closed.

ST. LOUIS FUR SALE OPENS.

"Sir Roger," a pedigreed silver fox, was sold for \$500 the other day at the opening of the fur auction. The 200 buyers present represented about 95 per cent. of the fur-buying capital in the world. The purchaser of the live silver fox announced that the animal would be presented to the St. Louis Zoological Park.

In the first thirty minutes of the auction more than 2,000 sealskins, dressed and dyed, were sold for the United States Government. This lot brought about \$400,000. Ward T. Boyer, chief Government agriculture agent for the Alaska fisheries service, said the prices paid for the silver fox skins were 20 per cent. higher than paid at the auction here last September. Among the buyers were representatives of eight English firms, one Dutch firm, one Russian, five German, and two Austrian. It is estimated that pelts offered at auction this week will bring more than \$3,000,000.

The sales amounted to \$500,000, which makes it the highest record for one day's selling in any market. Silver foxes brought a total of \$105,000. New York dealers purchased some of the

finest and rarest skins at fancy prices. A matched pair brought \$1,650. The highest price paid for a single skin was \$910.

NOT A SOU FOUND IN BANK.

An alleged swindle, estimated by different newspapers amounting from \$600,000 to \$2,000,000, has been disclosed by the arrest of Philippe Simeoni, of Italian origin, and Prince Henri de Broglie-Revel.

Simeoni was accused in 1912 of cheating Prince Friedrich Carl zu Hohenlohe-Oehringen out of \$100,000. The case was settled out of court, but Simeoni was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for fraudulent bankruptcy. Afterward, he founded the Comptoir des Valeurs Industrielle, a stock broking bank. Prince Henri de Broglie-Revel was made President, Simeoni taking the title of manager.

When the war began customers demanded their money. Simeoni pleaded the moratorium and put the bank into liquidation, provoking many complaints, one of which alone alleges a claim of 1,600,000 francs (\$320,000). The police report they found not a sou in the bank and only a hundred francs in notes in the possession of Simeoni at his home.

WAGNER DUE FOR CUT IN SALARY.

True enough these be rather tough days for the baseball magnate, and without doubt retrenchments may be advisable if not indeed absolutely necessary in many cases. However, there is a rather unpleasant taste attached to the announcement from Pittsburgh that Barney Dreyfuss will cut a slice from the salary check of the veteran Hans Wagner. Barney is bent on pruning the salary list of the Pirates and Honus is due to fall beneath the ax.

As a purely business proposition of course Wagner is a logical subject for a bit of surgery on the pay envelope, since the Dutchman without doubt is the highest salaried player on the Pirate roster. But even so, Hans Wagner is something more than shortstop on the Pittsburgh club. At least he is to Pittsburgh fans, if not to Barney Dreyfuss. Surely if Barney has wandered along to that stage where he draws pleasant reveries in coming back over the days of pennants and success of the club, he must associate Wagner with these dreams in a highly prominent role.

Comiskey carried Ed Walsh for three years after he was no use whatever to the club. The Browns kept Bobby Wallace on hand just as long as Bobby wanted to stay. Even after he tried out as an umpire he was taken back again. Yet Wagner, who is still counted as a valuable man to his club in a playing way, is to suffer a salary cut.

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Good Current News Articles

Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) left an estate valued at about \$63,000, according to Judge Wells of Cody, Wyo., the scout's legal adviser. The property consists of three ranches near Cody and an equity in a hotel there.

A relief map of Europe's war zone is being prepared at Howell's microcosm in Washington, D. C. It is modelled on a true section of the globe which if continued would make a sphere over ninety feet in diameter. Whenever the map is used in a lecture each of the important cities can be illuminated by a tiny incandescent lamp and an electric enunciator can be used to assist in locating the different places referred to. When finished it will be the largest map of Europe that has ever been made, it is said.

The glass eye crop comes from Thuringia, Germany. As Newfoundlanders are fishermen or as Cubans are tobacco growers so the typical Thuringian is a maker of glass eyes. Almost every Thuringian house is a little eye factory. Four men sit at a table each with a gas jet before him and the eyes are blown from plates and moulded into shape by hand. The colors are traced in with small needles, and as no set rule is observed in the coloring, no two eyes are exactly alike. Sometimes a one-eyed man or woman, coming, maybe, from a great distance, sits before one of these Thuringian tables posing for a glass orb, and the artisan, with his gas jet, his glass and his needle, looks up at his sitter and then down at his work, and altogether the scene suggests a portrait painter at work in his studio.

A meal of pancakes, hurriedly made and as hurriedly eaten, the other morning, caused the death of five members of the Meints family on a farm between Ashbum and Danforth, fifteen miles south of Kankakee, Ill.

The pancakes were made by Mrs. O. K. Meints, mother of four of the victims and grandmother of the fifth. Mrs. Meints is believed to have mixed the contents of a sack containing an arsenical preparation used by her husband in taxidermy with a prepared pancake flour, thinking the powder was flour.

The dead were Fred, twenty-eight; Theodore, twenty-six; Irvin, twenty-one; Mino, twenty-four, and Clarence Meints, the grandson.

The fatal meal was eaten in the morning, and before noon Fred was dead. Mino died at dawn the following day, the last of the five deaths.

O. K. Meints, the father, was somewhat ill and so did not eat any of the pancakes. Mrs. Meints tasted the pancakes after her sons had finished their breakfast, and noticing a peculiar flavor ate none.

Grins and Chuckles

Guest—Here, waiter! Take this chicken away, it's as tough as a paving stone! Waiter—Maybe it's a Plymouth Rock, sir.

"Bliggins has great faith in his own opinions." "Yes," answered the cold-blooded friend, "most of his hard luck is due to misplaced confidence."

She (setting the trap)—I heard yesterday that you are to be married in the spring. He (walking into it)—Help me to make the report true, won't you, dear?

"Don't your conscience sometimes trouble you about things you have to do in financial deals?" "A little," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "What do you do in such a case?" "I send for a lawyer."

"My beau," said little Elsie, "is going to be an admiral." "Indeed?" replied the visitor. "A cadet at the Naval Academy now, I suppose?" "Oh, he hasn't got that far yet, but he's had an anchor tattooed on his arm."

"I wish you would tell me what the trouble is with this watch," said the customer, handing it to the jeweler. "The trouble," said the jeweler, looking at the number of the timepiece and referring to his ledger, "is that I haven't been paid yet for the cleaning I gave it two years ago."

A little girl stood for some time in a meat market waiting for some one to attend to her wants. Finally the proprietor, being at liberty, approached her and asked: "Is there anything you would like, little girl?" "Oh, yes, sir, please; I want a diamond ring and a sealskin sacque, a real foreign nobleman and a pug dog and a box at the opera, and oh, ever so many things; but all ma wants is a dish's worth of bologna sausage."

THE MYSTERIOUS VALISE

By Col. Ralph Fenton.

"Sentry, will you kindly keep your eye on my bag for a few minutes? I am going to have a plunge in the Serpentine," said a well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman to me, one warm summer morning, a few years ago, as I was on duty at the park gate of Knightsbridge Cavalry Barracks.

"All right, sir," I replied. "If I am relieved before you return, I shall hand it over to the next sentry."

"Oh, I shan't be more than half an hour, at the latest, as I must be in the city by nine. I prefer leaving my valise with you. There are so many vagabonds always swarming about Hyde Park that it is quite possible one of them might take a fancy to it while I am bathing. It doesn't contain very valuable property—only a suit of clothes and a few documents 'of no use to any one but the owner,' as the saying is. All the same, however, I have no desire to lose it." So saying, the gentleman turned away, and walked briskly across the park in the direction of the Serpentine.

About half-past eight I perceived a great commotion in the park. Men were rushing from all quarters in the direction of the Serpentine, and soon afterward I ascertained from a passerby that the excitement was caused by one of the numerous bathers having been drowned. An uneasy suspicion was at once excited within me that the person who had come to such a sad end was the gentleman who had left his valise in my charge, which suspicion was intensified when I was relieved at nine, with the article still unclaimed. I reflected, however, that its owner might have been chained to the scene of the disaster by that morbid curiosity which induces people to linger about the spot where any calamity of the kind has recently occurred, and then, finding that he was pressed for time, and knowing that his property would be perfectly safe, had gone direct to the city.

I handed over the bag to the sentry who relieved me, without mentioning to him anything of the circumstances of the case; and when he returned from duty at eleven I eagerly asked him if the valise had been called for.

"No," he replied. "It is still lying behind the wall."

I went on sentry again at one o'clock, and no one had come for it. It was the height of the London season, and Hyde Park presented its customary gay appearance; but the imposing array of splendidly appointed equipages, dashing equestrians, and fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen, which at other times was to me a most interesting spectacle, that afternoon passed by unheeded, as all my thoughts were centered on speculations regarding the fate of the owner of the bag. Before being relieved at three, I had it conveyed to my room in the barracks, and, after coming off guard, placed it, for

greater security, in the troop store. That evening, before "stables," when the orderly corporal had read out the duties for the succeeding day, he said, addressing me:

"Jones, you have to attend the orderly room tomorrow."

"Why?" I inquired.

"You have been reported for neglecting to salute Captain Sir Carnaby Jinks as he passed you while on sentry this afternoon," was the corporal's answer.

After stables I left barracks for my customary walk, and purchasing a copy of the Echo from a juvenile news vender, I read the particulars of the fatality of the morning. Friends had identified the body, which was that of a gentleman named Nixon, who had resided at Bayswater.

"Nixon! That corresponds with the initial 'N.' on the bag," I thought to myself, now perfectly convinced that the deceased was the person I had seen in the morning. I also ascertained from the newspaper report that a man had been apprehended on suspicion of having attempted to rifle the pockets of the clothes of the drowned man, and who had been roughly handled by the crowd before a policeman could be procured to take him into custody. After a moment's reflection I decided to call at the address given in the paper, in order to arrange about the restoration of the bag to the relatives of the deceased.

Reaching the house, I knocked softly at the door, and stated my business to the domestic who appeared, by whom I was shown into a room, and immediately afterward was waited upon by a young lady, the daughter of the deceased, who, naturally enough, was perfectly overcome with grief. I explained to her in a few words the object of my visit.

"I am uncertain whether poor papa had a valise of that description when he left this morning," she said, "but possibly you may recognize him from this photograph," submitting one she took from the table for my inspection.

The young lady thanked me heartily for the trouble I had taken in the matter, and I left the house of mourning and returned to the barracks in a very mystified state of mind.

Next day I attended the orderly room and received a severe admonition from the commanding officer. Fortunately for me, as it happened, Sir Carnaby had been in plain clothes, so my offense, in the eye of martial law, was of a comparatively venial character. Immediately afterward I considered it my duty to report the circumstances attending the valise to the adjutant, who in turn communicated with the police authorities at Scotland Yard, and that evening, pursuant to instructions received, I had the bag conveyed to that establishment. After I had explained how it was placed in my charge it was opened in my presence by an official, and was found to contain just a suit of old clothes and a few newspapers, but no documents of any kind, as stated by its owner.

Some time afterward I was on Queen's Guard

Westminster. I had just mounted my horse, and taken up position in one of the two boxes facing Parliament Street, when a gentleman stopped opposite me and scanned me curiously. Addressing me, he said: "Don't you remember me?"

There was no mistaking the voice. It was that of the owner of the bag. Otherwise he was greatly altered, as he had denuded himself of the luxuriant whiskers and mustache which he wore when I saw him previously.

"What has been wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, I was seized with a fit that morning when I came out of the water, and was taken home in an unconscious state. I have been very unwell ever since, and have left my house for the first time to-day. I made inquiries at barracks about you, and as the soldier I spoke to seemed to know about the bag I left with you, he directed me here."

"Well, sir," I said, "I had quite made up my mind that you were the gentleman who was drowned that morning, and when I discovered my mistake I am almost ashamed to own that I took you for the man who was apprehended on the charge of trying to plunder the drowned man's clothes."

The gentleman smiled pleasantly, and said: "Ah! I read about that. And now to business. I wish to get my bag at once. I presume you have it in safe keeping at the barracks?"

"It's much nearer at hand," I replied. "Just across the street from here." And then I told him that it was in the custody of the police authorities at Scotland Yard.

"It is very awkward, indeed," he said. "I have to catch the six train for Liverpool, as I wish to sail by the steamer that leaves to-morrow morning for New York. Couldn't you come across with me to get it?"

"You forget that I am on sentry," I replied. "You should go at once to the captain of the guard and present the case to him, and perhaps under the circumstances, he will permit me to accompany you."

"I will try," he said.

I received permission and one of the corporals on guard received orders to accompany me; so, together with the gentleman, we started, and, crossing the street, reached the police headquarters in a minute or two, and on making inquiries were directed to the "Lost Property" department. We stated our business, and an official, after receiving an assurance from me that the applicant was the right person, promptly produced the valise.

The gentleman then signed a book, certifying that his property had been restored to him, giving, as he did so, the name of Nobbs.

Having thanked the official, Mr. Nobbs caught up his property and we left the office.

"Here is something for your trouble," he said, slipping a sovereign into my hand.

I thanked him heartily for his *deuceur*.

Declining the offer of the driver to place his bag on the dickey, he put it inside the vehicle; then shaking hands with the corporal and myself, he said to the driver: "Hasten, as fast as you can!"

The driver released the brake from the wheel, and was whipping up his scraggy horse with a view to starting, when the poor animal slipped and fell.

The men belonging to Scotland Yard, who had followed us into the street, at once rushed to the driver's assistance, unbuckled the traces, and after pushing back the cab, got the horse on its feet. All the while Mr. Nobbs was watching the operations from the window, and I noticed that one of the men was surveying him very attentively.

"Your name is Judd, isn't it?" the man asked.

"No, it isn't! What do you mean by addressing me, sir?" indignantly replied Mr. Nobbs.

"Well," said the man—whom I at once surmised was a member of the detective force—"that's the name you gave, anyhow, when you were up on the charge of feeling the pockets of the gent's clothes who was drowned in the Serpentine a week ago. I know you, although you have had a clean shave."

"You've no right to detain me," said Nobbs. "I was discharged this morning."

"Because nothing was known against you. But, look here, old man, what have you got in that bag?"

"Only some old clothes," said Nobbs.

"Come inside, and we'll see," said the detective. "Out of the cab—quick! Come with me to the office."

We entered a room in the interior, and the bag was opened, but it apparently contained nothing but the clothes.

Mr. Nobbs at once brightened up and cried:

"You see I have told you the truth, and now be good enough to let me go."

"All right," said the detective. "Back up your traps and clear out!"

Mr. Nobbs this time complied with exceeding alacrity, and began to replace the articles of clothing, when the detective, seemingly acting on a sudden impulse, caught up the valise and gave it a vigorous shake. A slight rustling sound was audible.

"Hello! What's this?" cried the officer.

Emptying the clothes out of the bag, he produced a pocket-knife, and in a trice ripped open a false bottom, and found—about two dozen valuable diamond rings and a magnificent emerald necklet carefully packed in wadding, beside some small stones.

The jubilant detective at once compared them with a list which he took from a file, and pronounced them to be the entire proceeds of a daring robbery that had recently been committed in the shop of a West End jeweler, and which amounted in value to fifteen hundred pounds.

Nobbs, alias Judd, was duly convicted and sentenced for his nefarious work.

Lassen Peak, California, has erupted with tremendous force, following a series of violent internal explosions, according to reports telegraphed here from Macoumber flat. A stream of heavy black smoke twenty miles long poured out for half an hour, indicating that a greater crater than the present one had been blasted open.

FROM ALL POINTS

PIGEONS MAKE CLOCK SLOW.

A saloon keeper, taken to Police Headquarters at Cornersville, Ind., to explain why he kept his bar open five minutes later than the other bars, defended himself by an appeal to the city clock. It was found to be five minutes behind standard time. Pigeons which roost in the Court House tower are believed to have roosted on the minute hand of the old timepiece and held it down till it showed five minutes behind the right time.

A HANDY MONEYMAKER.

Whenever Jerome Armstrong, of Kent, Putnam county, New York, has been a little short of ready funds his right arm has responded nobly and got the money for him. Three times in the last eleven years the arm has received serious injuries in accidents, and in every case damages have been recovered in court.

Only the other day in the Supreme Court he settled a suit for \$1,250 which was begun two years ago as a result of an automobile accident. The first time the arm came to Armstrong's financial aid was in 1906, when as foreman papermaker he burned the arm on a hot plate, and an accident insurance company allowed him \$500. Then, in 1911, a ladder was knocked from under him in the Eureka Glazed Paper Company's plant in Stockport and he suffered a broken arm. A jury awarded him \$3,700.

Finally came the automobile accident. A car owned by Reginald F. Ewing of Ashland struck Armstrong, and the arm was broken again.

TO FLY TO NORTH POLE.

Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the south pole, sailed for Liverpool recently on the American liner Philadelphia on his way to Christiania to make final preparations for his aerial trip to the north pole. He expects to return to this country once before making the flight to purchase the most highly developed aeroplane for the attempt.

Captain Amundsen will witness the launching of his new polar ship at Christiania. The equipment which he has been gathering together in this country will be placed on the ship and the explorer will then return to the United States to procure the aeroplane in which he will make his final dash.

The new polar ship will force its way through the ice to a position in the Arctic situated at 80 degrees north latitude. This base is sixty-nine miles from the pole. From here the explorer will fly toward the pole with the expectation of reaching it in less than an hour of flight. The aeroplane which Captain Amundsen will use will be capable of 150 miles an hour, the explorer hopes. With him in the final flight will be an observer.

"Ideal conditions for flying prevail at the north

pole," Captain Amundsen said enthusiastically yesterday. "The atmosphere is clear and still. Many people think of the north pole as extremely cold, but it is much warmer in the summer time, seemingly, than it is at present on the deck of this ship. Only when the winds are high does one suffer from cold near the pole, and fortunately there is little wind around the pole.

"There are no air pockets to disturb the balance of the aeroplane. The atmosphere is uniform in weight and it is so clear that the human eye is like the lens of a telescope.

"I hope to fly all around the north pole, with my observer taking notes all the while. The trip is being made solely for scientific reasons."

CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY.

It is a remarkable fact that nothing certain is known as to the actual date of the birth of Christ, the 25th of December being only a tradition, adopted by the Church about the middle of the Fourth Century. Lupi, a learned Jesuit of the Eighteenth Century, says: "There is not a single month in the year to which the Nativity has not been assigned by some writer or other."

In the earliest periods of which we have any record we find this feast was observed at various periods, the 1st and 6th of January being the dates on which a portion of the Christians celebrated it; others doing so on March 29, the time of the "Jewish Passover," while yet others selected September 29, that being "The Feast of the Tabernacles." There were those also who observed it on April 20, and yet another class who thought it occurred on May 20, while SS. Epiphanius and Cassian state that in Egypt Christ was believed to have been born on January 6. For a long time the Greeks celebrated our Lord's birth on the Feast of Epiphany.

The earliest celebration of Christmas on the 25th of December appears to have been held in Rome in the Fourth Century, being first mentioned in a Roman document, the "Philocalian Calendar," dating from the year 354, but containing an older record, referring to the year 336. Christmas was brought to England by St. Augustine, and kept in 598, but it would appear that it was not established in Germany until 813, and in Norway about the middle of the Tenth Century, by King Hakon the Good.

The Romans of the Empire used to celebrate the birth of the Unconquered Sun on the 25th of December, according to the Julian Calendar the Winter Solstice, when the sun began to rise in new vigor, after his autumnal decline. Therefore, the reason for the choice of the 25th of December for Christmas would seem to have been symbolical—as is the case with respect to Easter.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

GERMAN WOMEN FOR WAR.

In its "Germany Day by Day" column the London Daily Mail states that Germany has begun formally to organize the women of the country to help in the war. Each of the six chief army commands throughout the empire now has a woman attached to it as directress of the "division for women's services."

Hitherto, as in England, war work by women had been voluntary. The patriotic auxiliary service law is not compulsory as far as female labor is concerned. But German women having proclaimed that they regard themselves as liable for national service under the spirit if not the letter of the law, it has finally been decided to mobilize their services on a more systematic basis than in the past.

NEW KIND OF SHOE SOLES.

A new and recently patented method of manufacturing soles for shoes from scrap leather is described in a report made to the Department of Commerce by Consul H. M. Byington, Leeds, England. While he does not give details concerning the process, Mr. Byington says it is claimed that the soles thus produced are nonsuction, nonslipping, and waterproof, and can be made at a much lower cost than the ordinary leather sole. It is also possible to use the method in building heels.

"It is also claimed," Mr. Byington goes on, "that the novelty of the patent may be enhanced by an ingenious arrangement of strips of rubber attached to a thin layer of canvas, the rubber strips fitting into the interstices of the leather sections. This is said to give a pleasing resiliency to the step of the wearer and to do away with the aching of the feet, sometimes produced by purely rubber soles."

VEGETABLE IVORY AS A CATTLE FOOD.

The United States imports annually from tropical America about 10,000 tons of vegetable ivory nuts, costing \$1,500,000, for use principally in the manufacture of buttons. In the process of manufacture a considerable part of the nut is wasted in the form of sawdust, chips and turning. In foreign countries this waste has been mixed with other ingredients to be used as a cattle food. Indeed, it is said that in Germany vegetable ivory meal has been used as an adulterant in the manufacture of so-called concentrated feeds. With a view to finding a use for the meal in this country, Messrs. Beals and Lindsay, of the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station, have made an extensive investigation of its chemical composition, digestibility and feeding value, the results of which are published in the Journal of Agricultural Research. They find that

the energy equivalent of this material ranks well with other carbohydrate foods, and it possesses a fuel value equal to one-half that of soft coal. Sheep ate the meal readily when it was mixed with other grains and digested it very thoroughly. Cows ate it when mixed with other food, without evidence of digestive disturbances. When fed as an addition to a basal ration, the increase in milk was sufficient to indicate positive value as a productive feed.

NEW MODEL PRISON.

A tract of 625 acres at Wingdale, Dutchess county, about seventy miles from New York on the Harlem branch of the New York Central, was selected by the State Prison Commission as the site for a new model prison designed to be the finest in the United States. Industrial and farm work will be provided for the prisoners and the housing conditions are to conform with the best in prison planning.

• Mr. Pilcher, State architect, said that the plans allow for a large baseball field and adequate space for other outdoor sports. Dr. George W. Kirchwey, former warden at Sing Sing, asked if there were space for a gymnasium, and he was answered in the affirmative. He said if the State would appropriate enough money for this building funds could be obtained from outside sources for its equipment.

The State road, which runs through the property, will be diverted so that the trusty prisoners cannot be viewed by curious tourists.

MOTION PICTURES AND EYESTRAIN.

The effects of frequent attendance at the "movies" on eyesight have recently been discussed in some detail by Mr. Gordon L. Berry, acting secretary of the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness. His principal conclusions are that (1) motion pictures with defects of photography, manufacture and projection may prove injurious to eyesight, and (2) eyestrain caused by viewing motion pictures may indicate a subnormal condition of the eyes which should demand immediate attention on the part of an oculist; in other words, such pictures, while not the chief source of the trouble, may reveal its existence. Some conditions favorable to the protection of the eyes are a plate glass screen, an auditorium as light as may be consistent with securing satisfactory detail in the pictures, and a seat in the center of the auditorium and never nearer to the screen than 20 feet (the further back the better). Without the best screens, films, projection, surrounding illumination, and seating arrangements, the "movies" are likely to prove a cause of serious eye troubles.

CUFF BUTTONS.

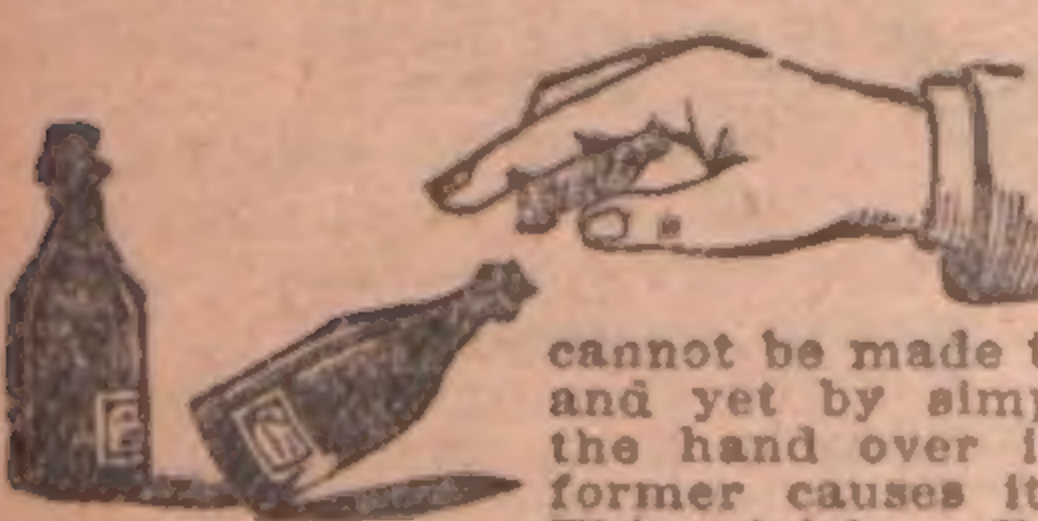
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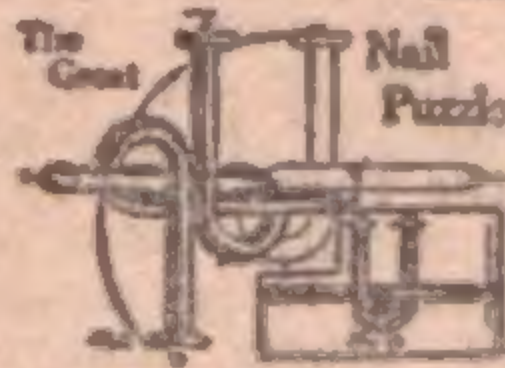
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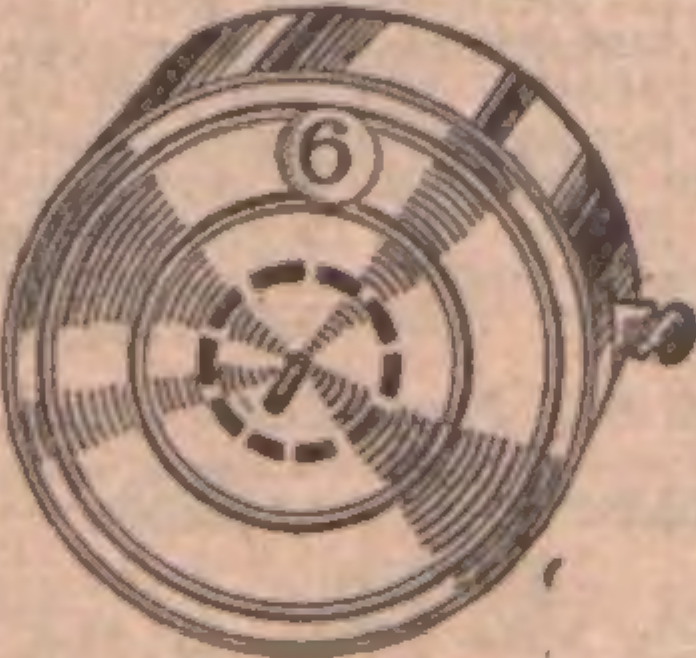
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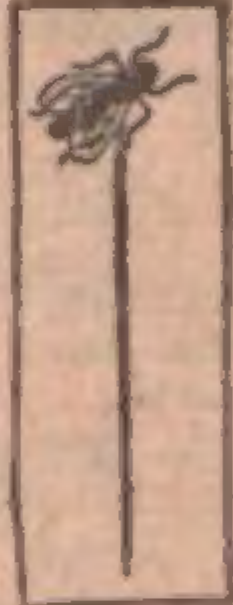


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